

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## CAUSE OF THE WORLD'S MISERY

See  
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Seven

### ONE MORE SLUM GOING

#### OLD COTTAGES AND THE ARMADA

Romantic Story of the Bank  
of the Thames

#### BRIGHTER ROTHERHITHE

All who remember Oliver Twist and the scene of Bill Sikes's last hours will find their imagination stirred by the fact that part of the setting of that moving chapter is to disappear.

It is in Rotherhithe, that ancient dockside quarter of London where so much history has been made and so much misery endured. Sentence of destruction has been passed on an area of slum cottages which had their origin in romantic circumstances.

When our ships were being got ready to meet the Spanish Armada some of them took in ballast from the gravel by the riverside at Rotherhithe, and the old cottages which are now to disappear were built in the hollow thus created.

#### The Historical Background

It is the enterprising and public-spirited borough of Bermondsey which is doing the work, and in the place of these old cottages will appear model dwellings for people who will live to see a brighter Rotherhithe.

The historical background is, like most of that attaching to riverside sites, both picturesque and distressing. It was at Rotherhithe that Canute began the digging of the trench which, ending at Vauxhall, enabled him to attack London. It belongs to that old London which fancy paints as a romantic place, but which was really a medley of disease, crime, and misery. Rotherhithe had its famous grape vines, but the people derived their drinking-water from the horrible ditches described by Dickens.

It boasted a Paradise Street, not far from a Rogue's Lane, and it was the haunt of desperate men.

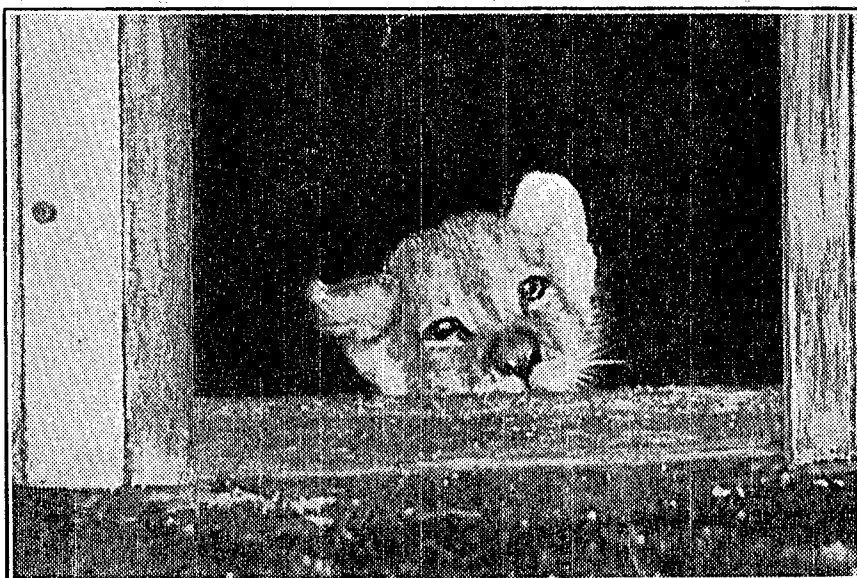
#### Plague and Fire

If we grasp the character of Old Rotherhithe we understand how it was that, when flames got well hold, such enormous damage was done during the Fire of London. Rotherhithe had two notable fires in about half a century. The first destroyed 300 houses; the second left 250 families homeless.

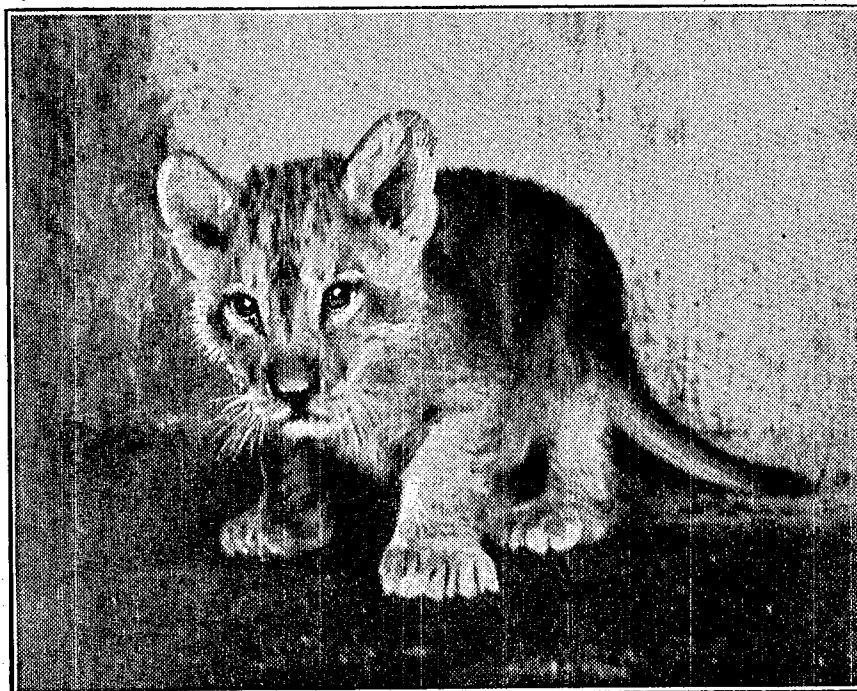
The houses were miserable wooden structures, without glass windows, without fireplaces, with floors of clay or mud, strewn with rotting reeds rank with garbage. Plague had its abiding place in such quarters, and fire was the only cure.

The Bermondsey Borough Council has the cleansing and regeneration of this neighbourhood well in hand, and this is the third instalment of their plan for a Rotherhithe worthy of the capital of the British Commonwealth.

### King George's Lion Cubs



Its first peep



Suspicious

Three lion cubs born in the London Zoo in September have recently been photographed for the first time. Their parents are Pat and Doris, two lions presented to the King some time ago by the new emperor of Ethiopia. Two of the cubs are seen in these pictures.

### THE ROLLING STONE

A MAN whose life was packed with adventure and who had sought it all over the world, has just died, a hermit, on Exmoor.

He was John Moles, a soldier who had roved farther than Kipling's Soldiers Three, but whose true adventures were stranger than fiction. He served in the 34th Foot in the Afghan War when Lord Roberts entered Kabul. He was with the expedition which forced its way to Lhasa, the Forbidden City of Tibet. So freezingly cold was the weather that hot tea froze to ice in the pannikins.

From India he went to the Sudan when Kitchener was preparing the way to Omdurman. He used to tell a tale

of how once he accompanied the Sirdar, who was disguised as a native date-seller, venturing into the bazaars and souks of Suakin or Wady Halfa for the purpose of picking up gossip of Dervish movements.

When the army of the Sudan dispersed Moles went as a soldier of fortune to South America, and there found revolutions in plenty. In one at San Domingo he emerged as a General!

But he came home with empty pockets, and, having had enough of romance, settled down as a hermit in a cave near Dunkery Beacon. Hundreds of tourists went to see the Cave Man, as he was called, and perhaps this was the most profitable part of his odd career

### THE WISDOM OF THE OSTRICH

WHY IT HIDES ITS HEAD  
The Splendid Creature That  
Will Race a Car

#### AN ANIMAL'S RESERVE FORCE

By Our Natural Historian

The C.N. has more than once contradicted the old story that the ostrich buries its head in the sand and, because it cannot see, imagines itself unseen.

The idea, however, is embedded in our language; politicians, critics, and authors are always using it to suggest the blind folly of others. Now a great authority, Mr E. G. Boulenger of the Zoo, has spoken out in defence of the good sense of this much maligned bird. He, of course, denies the absurd tradition.

If an ostrich does lower its head to the sand, he points out, it is not to escape detection, but to avert injury by violence, for its skull is thin and the head its most vulnerable point.

There is another ostrich curiosity which comes up from time to time in the papers: how fast can these birds run? They can be overtaken by horses simply because the birds run in circles instead of in a straight line, but there is little evidence on the subject.

#### On a Road in Kenya

Now a Kenya resident has had an opportunity of testing the pace of his car against an ostrich's legs.

As he was driving along a road in Kenya two ostriches started to run beside the car. The driver accelerated and so did the ostriches. The car's throttle was opened still wider and a speed of 42 miles an hour was reached. The car could do no more, but the ostriches could. They bounded past the astonished driver, got ahead of him, and crossed his path fifty yards ahead when still going apparently well within themselves.

This experience merits comparison with the performances of antelopes against the car of Dr Chapman Andrews in the Mongolian desert. The two together, combined with the feats of the enormously swift cheetah, which runs down Indian deer, once supposed to be uncatchable, remind us that animals have reserves of power of which we seldom dream. The horse, for instance, supposed to pull only three tons, will put his best foot forward and pull over twenty tons.

E. A. B.

### THE DELIGHT OF DON BRADMAN

I cannot imagine any happier experience than to tour England as an Australian cricketer. To visit old-fashioned towns and busy cities, to look upon scenery much more beautiful than anything I had ever imagined, was an unending delight. Mr Don Bradman



## THE WORLD'S BEST SELLER

### HOW IT SPREADS BY MILLIONS

The Pedlar Among the Tigers and the Bandit Turned Pedlar

#### TALITHA CUMI

Outside a little house in Bohemia a man, with a travelling pack asked the woman in the doorway if she would buy one of his Bibles.

"Yes," she said, "if you can guarantee that my goat will give more milk afterwards. Someone has bewitched her, and they say the Bible is a talisman against bad luck."

The Bible seller was in the same fix as a comrade of his in Belgium to whom a woman said: "I am told that reading St Matthew will prevent whooping cough."

#### The Key to Happiness

That is how part of the world looks upon the Bible. There are others who believe that the Bible is nothing less than the key to happiness, and who devote their whole lives to finding it new readers. Some sit in native huts laboriously learning languages that have never before been written down. Others toil in city offices. Others risk their lives in peddling the Bible through regions haunted by wild beasts and bandits. The story of these campaigners is told in the annual report of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

There is one Bible seller, known to us only as K. K., whose work lies in a jungle-covered country where small villages lie far apart and people live in terror of a man-eating tiger. Already the tiger has taken 362 lives, 55 of them this year, but K. K. refuses to give up his lonely journeys.

#### Adventures in China

In China, where bandits are worse than tigers, the Bible pedlars carry on their work consistently as if there were no revolution. Last year one of them saved a captured missionary from a beating and was taken prisoner himself. Another conducted a missionary to safety and then returned to his work in the danger zone. Chang Hwei has three times been caught by bandits, and narrowly escaped with his life, but he goes on trudging from house to house with his Gospels, as daring in his goodness as he was in his badness—for this pedlar was once a bandit himself.

There are still men willing to die for the Bible and there are still men willing to live for it. Last year over 12 million copies were sold. No other book has been circulated in 800 languages. The Bible is the World's Best Seller.

That is the test. Bibles are sold, not given away, in order that purchasers may value the book more. If people are very poor the Bible seller will accept bread or eggs instead of money.

#### Tribute by Australian Blacks

Sometimes people who are grateful to the Society make a collection for it, as some Australian Aborigines did after the Society had translated St Luke into the Aranda language. They gave 30 poison bones, 15 spears, 23 yam sticks, 18 boomerangs, 3 shields, 2 stone knives, a stone axe, and many other things precious in savage eyes.

Surely this Report should cheer those who think ill of our Age. Our Age buys more Bibles than any other Age has done, and it is the first Age in which a Children's Bible has sold in immense numbers. We must be grateful to this Report for one exquisite passage. A scholar tells us that Christ's words to the daughter of Jairus, *Talitha cumi*, can only be truly rendered by the Scots version of the Aramaic, *Ma wee bil lassie, it's time to be risin'.*

Who would not be glad to have learned that?

## AN OLD FLAG'S STORY

### What Happened at Culloden

#### BANNER OF A FAITHLESS HOUSE

If ever there was a tragic bit of stuff it is the flag which has just been offered for sale to the Stewart Society.

Seventeen men died for it at Culloden. It was the flag under which the Stewarts of Appin fought; and one after the other gallant men made targets of themselves by lifting the fallen colours from dying men's hands. At last, in the retreat, a Highlander saw it lying by the body of the last standard-bearer. The battle was lost, but the man could not bear to think that the flag should be lost, and he found time to cut it from its staff and wrap it round his body before he escaped.

We know what followed Culloden. We can imagine this man had as many adventures as a hunted fox before he got to Stewart of Ballachulish and dared to show the flag. It has been carefully kept by that family ever since, and now it is expected that the Stewart Society will hang it beside the Scottish National War Memorial.

#### The Tragedy of 1745

Even after nearly two centuries Britain has no tale to surpass the sadness of Culloden, and not since then have so many brave men died for so bad a cause. The tragedy of it is that most of the Scottish lords who took part in the rebellion of 1745 must have foreseen that the Pretender would never win the crown, and that his defeat would cost them everything worth living for. Charles Edward got away, to spend his life as a miserable drunkard, leaving his poor followers to be hanged and his rich ones to be beheaded.

Of too many of them Macaulay's epitaph of a Stewart follower is true: O thou whom chance leads to this nameless stone From that proud country which was once mine own, By whose white cliffs I never more must see, By that dear language which I speak like thee, Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

It will not be easy to look at the Culloden flag, the banner of a faithless house, without a sigh for all the blood and tears that were shed in vain.

## TWO QUEUES

### A Story for a Film

#### THE OPERA HOUSE AND THE APPLE-SELLER

Outside the Stoll Picture House in Kingsway a queue often waits to go in and see the pictures.

Outside the soup depots in New York, the "bread lines" of people who await free meals are beginning to form.

They are forming earlier and longer than usual because of the swelling numbers of the unemployed. Among these unemployed are some ashamed to beg or take charity—and these, numbering thousands, are strung along the city's streets selling apples.

Among the apple-sellers a reporter found a woman once as well known in London as in New York. Her name is Mrs Oscar Hammerstein.

It was Oscar Hammerstein who built the Stoll Picture House in Kingsway as an Opera House for London. It failed, as did others of Hammerstein's ventures—and now his widow sells apples in a New York street.

What a contrast, the nightly crowds in Hammerstein's luxurious theatre, the poor woman who will thank the passer-by for twopenny for an apple!

And what a subject for a film at the Stoll Picture House!

## A MINER'S DREAM COMES TRUE

### THE GREAT STORY OF FINSBURY'S MAYOR

The Wife Who Knew What to Do and Did It

#### EVERYBODY'S OPEN DOOR

Finsbury has perhaps more reason than most of our boroughs to be proud of its Mayoress.

When she married her husband, Mr C. R. Simpson in 1904 he was a miner working in a Yorkshire colliery. Like many other miners he had a great longing for education. Just as men in a pit long to come up into the open air and sunshine so did he long to enter the wonderland of knowledge.

A man can do much by reading books at home, but he cannot do everything. One day the miner read in a local paper about a scholarship scheme which would take the winner to Oxford. It seemed as if the key to Wonderland might be found.

#### An Offer From Ruskin College

Alas! Mr Simpson failed to get it. The door which had opened a little swung to with a slam.

But hardly had Mr and Mrs Simpson recovered from their disappointment when Fate relented, as if to reward them for bearing the blow bravely. Ruskin College offered him a free scholarship.

Now the miner had his chance, but he could not have taken it if he had not had the right kind of wife. She entered domestic service, and for two years worked hard but happily as a nursemaid. Then her husband gained the university diploma for economics and political science, and soon after husband and wife started mission work together for the Society of Friends. He is now a member of the L.C.C. as well as Finsbury's Mayor.

This story has come to light following on Miss Margaret Bondfield's declaration that domestic service is not only a skilled occupation but an honourable calling. Finsbury will certainly honour its new Mayoress for her domestic service.

## WILL YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOUR?

### Said the Dummy to the Fly

Some things hunt by sight and some by scent. Luckily for Zululand the dreaded tsetse fly hunts by sight.

A Government entomologist, Mr Harris, has been studying the fly's hunting methods, and when he discovered that the dreaded insect trusted to the eye alone he saw his way to making a tsetse flytrap. It has just been demonstrated and has proved most successful.

As the tsetse fly, which carries a terrible cattle disease, nearly always attacks an animal's stomach Mr Harris made a roughly shaped dummy cow to tempt the insect. A piece of gauze is let into the top of the dummy, and the insect after entering from below flies up toward this patch of light, whereupon it enters an inner trap.

When Mr Harris demonstrated his method a herd of 18 dummy cows caught 1393 flies in a day. As the tsetse fly is not the parent of very large families it is believed that a real difference might be made to the fly population if these traps were widely used.

At the demonstration one of the flytraps was emptied, and nearly all the released captives returned to the trap. So we know that the tsetse fly is as stupid as he is dangerous, and, unlike the fox in the fable, he will not ask why so many go in and none come out.

If we have really found a way of dealing with the tsetse fly at last we shall have conquered one more enemy of a healthier world.

## SECRETS OF OLD DOCTORS

### THE RED INDIAN AND THE BARK

The Indian and the Poison of the Cobra

#### KNOWLEDGE PERSISTING FOR AGES

The Royal College of Surgeons has bestowed its Honorary Fellowship on Dr Banting of Toronto. It is the highest honour the college can confer, and it is given to Dr Banting because he has discovered a cure for a melancholy and fatal disease.

It seems that Dr Banting has for a hobby the collecting of records of surgery among Red Indians. Some day he may have leisure to write the story of some of the interesting things he has discovered in this lore of the wise men and wizards of that ancient race.

One thing he has told us. His recipes show him that the Red Indians used the bark of a certain tree to place in an open wound, believing that an essence from the bark forced out the poison. That must surely be one of the earliest applications of antiseptics to an open wound.

#### From the Misty Past

Folklore gathered from the misty past reveals that ancient doctors, although they made terrible mistakes, as when they made holes in the skulls of patients to let out imaginary evil spirits, here and there did light upon truth, and must have effected marvellous cures.

One of the most extraordinary of these old discoveries has been given a modern application by that prince of Indian botanists Sir Jagadis Bose. He tells us that thousands of years ago Indian doctors discovered that a tiny amount of cobra venom in solution had the effect of reviving a dying patient. Throughout the ages that knowledge has been kept alive, and even today, he says, when an Indian dies from cobra bite he is not buried but sent downstream on a raft in case he should wake up.

The knowledge was kept alive by the natives; it remained for Sir Jagadis Bose to devise a new application of it. He discovered that plants can be drugged to sleep as human beings can. But when the plant has been thus put to sleep, how is it to be revived? It is here that the old secret of the Indian doctors comes in, for Dr Bose has shown that a sleeping plant can be revived by the stimulus of cobra poison in water.

## THINGS SAID

Are we not all members one of another?  
Maharajah of Bikaner  
at the India Conference

One of the first casualties of war is truth.  
Mr Thomas P. Tiplady

Every morning I consume less breakfast and more newspaper.

Mr St John Hornby

There are 100,000 people in London living in basements unfit for habitation.  
Bishop of Southwark

Why not have the Lord Mayor's Show always on a Saturday, so that it interferes less with traffic?

Week-End Review

The young are dreaming new dreams, but they must not forget the visions which have come down through history.  
Canon Vernon Storr

Is it too much to ask cinema editors to cut down their army estimates in favour of more peaceful programmes?

Mr Ernest Betts

... the gentleman who goes under the fantastical name of Lord Passfield,  
Mrs Sidney Webb (his wife)



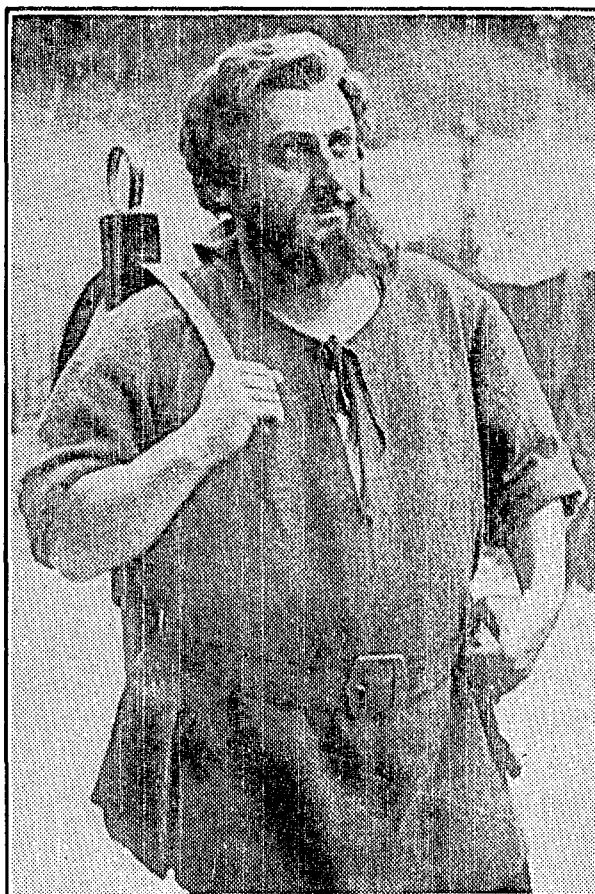
# A LONDON MONSTER • A VERY SMALL SCHOOL • SIGNS OF CHRISTMAS



Ten Little Riders—Rotten Row in London presents an animated appearance on any sunny day, when large numbers of children may be seen among the riders. Here are ten little folk posing for their portraits after an enjoyable lesson in horsemanship.



New War Memorial—The design for the House of Lords War Memorial has now been approved. Here is the clay model of the group by Mr John Tweed, which shows Youth giving up the sword of war.



William Tell—In the little Swiss town of Altdorf, where William Tell lived, the inhabitants are giving performances of episodes in the life of their hero. Here is the man who plays the part of Tell, clad in the costume of the period.



A London Monster—While making excavations for a sewer near London Docks workmen unearthed this enormous bone of a prehistoric animal. It is believed to be a foreleg and weighs forty pounds. It was originally two feet longer.



A Very Small School—Strathtummel School, in Perthshire, has six pupils, seen in this picture. Until recently there were only five, and it had been proposed to close the school.



Signs of Christmas—This picture from the United States shows two college girls with armfuls of dolls for distribution in the children's wards of hospitals.



## OLD SONGS OF THE HEBRIDES

### The Woman Who Saved Them

MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER

There has lately passed on into the Universe a splendid woman who made it her duty to save for us and our children the old Gaelic folk-songs of the people of the Outer Hebrides.

She was Mrs Marjory Kennedy Fraser, a professional singer whose distinguished career has been a source of much pleasure to us, for it was she who conducted the Course of Music in the Harmsworth Self-Educator which began the series of publications out of which the C.N. has grown.

At the age of 50 she became familiar with the old Breton folk-songs and, fired by their beauty, started out to visit Britain's most primitive islands to seek and find a native beauty in song that was rapidly passing away.

Working on similar lines to Cecil Sharp in Somerset, Mrs Kennedy Fraser took down from old fishermen, aged crofters, young dairymaids, and old grannies spinning in the sun, the beautiful melodies that had been sung to them down the ages. She put them into a book, she sang them to the harp, she lectured about them all over the world, and gave many of them, words and music, to Dr Granville Bantock, for one of his operas.

They say that beauty never dies, but it does die unless lovers of the beautiful go out of their way to capture and enshrine it; and of these precious people was Marjory Kennedy Fraser.

## HEROES THREE Boys Will Be Men

Three boys have received testimonials on parchment from the Royal Humane Society.

While Fred Cheshire, a Scout, was resting by the River Yare at Whitlingham, after a bathe, he saw Donald Cann in trouble. Fred jumped in, and after swimming fifty yards seized Cann. Although the water was 15 feet deep Fred managed to haul him out.

Verna Wood, a boy of 15, was cycling along the towpath at Wath-upon-Dearne when he struck a post and was thrown into the canal. Fortunately he was seen by Tom Timms, a boy chain-dragger, who jumped into the canal where it was six feet deep and brought Wood to safety.

The last of this trio of boy heroes, Clive Cadwallader, had bathed in the Thames at Twickenham and lent his costume to Peter Van Loo, a boy of 11, who got beyond his depth and sank. Clive went in to rescue him but was clutched and dragged under. He managed to entwine his legs round Van Loo, however, and to draw him near the shore, where both were saved.

## EDDYSTONE'S JUBILEE

Eddystone Lighthouse has been celebrating its jubilee this year.

There is a rocky ledge in the English Channel, dangerously close to Plymouth Harbour, and the present lighthouse is the fourth to stand on this treacherous spot. One of its predecessors was washed away, one perished by fire, and another had to be dismantled.

It took four years to build the Eddystone, but those four years do not by any means represent the amount of labour and research spent on it. The solid base is 25 feet high, and conceals two fresh-water tanks, each containing 4700 gallons. Above this the shaft travels up through eight storeys with walls nine feet thick. Dove-tailed stone and interlocked steel give these walls the necessary strength. The seaward door consists of a ton of gun-metal, and protects a stout inner door of teak.

## THE EXTRAORDINARY SPEECHES AT INDIA'S ROUND TABLE

WE wonder if anything has ever happened before quite like the Round Table Conference at St James's Palace. Surely never in history has there been more fair and square Round Table Talk.

Representative men of every kind of opinion in the great Eastern Empire, Princes of the native States, Hindu leaders and Moslem leaders, moderates and extremists, even Indian women, stand up freely to say exactly what they think, speaking at times with the freedom men are used to in Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square.

Even those who do not greatly love us must think it wonderful that men can stand up in St James's Palace and speak as the Hindu Dr Moonje and the Moslem Muhammad Ali have been speaking at this great Conference, on which lies the responsibility of hammering out a scheme for governing about one-fifth of the human race.

We think our readers will be interested in the three speeches from which we give these passages.

**The Maharajah of Patiala, Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes, said :**

I make no secret of my belief that the connection between my own country and the British Commonwealth is one that has been designed by Providence for the benefit of humanity at large.

India herself comprises within her borders no less than one-fifth of the human race. If, as I hope and pray, she remains within the British Empire, as a partner equal in dignity with her sister of the Commonwealth, there will result such a free and voluntary cooperation between East and West as the world has never known.

What may such an alliance not achieve for the peaceful progress of mankind at large? The culture of the East, like the culture of the West, has its own characteristic contribution to make. It is for us here to see that our strengths are jointly cast into the same scale—the scale of justice, of progress, of cooperation.

**The Hindu Leader, Dr Moonje, said :**

I fully appreciate the services which the British people give to India. I may give an illustration of how I appreciate their services. There is a farmer in a village who keeps a cow. He gives his devoted attention and his devoted service to that cow, so that every morning he may have an ample supply of fresh milk for his tea.

We have come here to tell the British people frankly and sincerely what India thinks.

Young boys, young girls, young women, old women, old men—all are coming forward to express their heartfelt feeling that the time has come and that India can never be satisfied with anything less than Dominion status or full responsible government.

They are suffering all kinds of indignities and oppression. I myself went twice to gaol in the struggle for freedom, in my desire to make India as free as any Dominion in the Empire. If further sacrifice is needed this man will not be found wanting when the time comes, as he was not found wanting during the Boer War and during the last war. If I could offer the sacrifice of my life for the Empire during real emergency, I should be a thousand times more ready to offer my life for sacrifice for the uplift of my country.

This is the parting of the ways for the British people and ourselves. We have been in association about 200 years. It is this that has prompted me to come to this Round Table against all the desires of my people, against the condemnation

of friends with whom I have worked for 30 years. I am risking all that. I am risking everything that is dear to a man's heart in this life.

We want Dominion status. I have not come here as a beggar. I want to be as free in my country as an Englishman in England, as a Canadian in Canada, as a New Zealander in New Zealand, and as an Australian in Australia. Nothing less is going to satisfy me.

**Maulana Muhammad Ali said :**

On the day when Dr Moonje and I were to depart from India black flags were flown to wish us God-speed, and the wishes of people with whom we had been working all these years were that the boat might prove very unseaworthy.

I am the only person belonging to my party who has been selected by his Excellency the Viceroy, or the Government of his Majesty here, or whoever it is who appoints these wonderful delegates. Whose delegates we are we do not know. I do not pretend to represent anybody.

I hope my old friend Mr MacDonald will at least prove the man to rule, and that he would not dare to lie to his own party, to his own conscience, and to his country; and if you people of all parties assist him we shall make history.

But even more than I trust my old friend Mr MacDonald, I, a Republican, make this concession, that I place my trust in the man (I call him a man, because a man's a man for a' that) who inaugurated this ceremony in the Gallery of the House of Lords whose name is George. Whether you call him his Majesty, or whatever you call him, he is a man. He knows India better than any of his Ministers, past or present, and I am looking up to him to do justice to the 320,000,000 who constitute one-fifth of the whole of humanity.

The speaker went on in bantering vein, talking of his "health and ailments and all sorts of things," and saying that he could work "even with the Devil if it is to be work for the cause of God." Then he declared :

I want to go back to my country only if I can go back with the substance of freedom in my hand. Otherwise I will not go back to the slave country; I would prefer to die in a foreign country so long as it is a free country. You will have to give me a grave here.

I have not come to ask for Dominion status. I do not believe in the attainment of Dominion status. The one thing to which I am committed is complete independence.

So these extraordinary speeches go on, all contributing something to the most remarkable conference ever held in an English palace. Is there any other country in the world where men could stand up and speak like this under the King's own roof?

And is it not this very freedom which will convince the Indian people that the future of India is safe under the British flag?

## A PIONEER PASSES ON

### The Work of Mary Scharlieb

## A FAMOUS WOMAN WELL BELOVED

The story of life-work set-out for all to read whenever pioneers pass on provides a thrill of pride and thankfulness.

We find an example of this in the death of Dr Mary Scharlieb, at the age of 85.

Moved with sympathy for the sad fate of so many of the native mothers around her in India, she devoted herself to helping in a hospital in Madras. But this was not enough. She came to London to study, and returned to Madras in 1883 a highly-qualified doctor.

So hard and so well had she worked in London that the Queen sent for her and gave her a message of love and hope to the women of India.

Mary Scharlieb returned to England after five years' strenuous pioneer work and devoted herself to the needs of women in London, at whose university she received the first M.D. degree ever awarded to a woman.

Her work as a surgeon, a writer, and an enthusiastic organiser of women's work in medicine made her one of the most famous and best-loved women of this century.

## A TREE MURDERER'S FATE Serve Him Right

Autumn glory goes all too quickly from the trees. It is an abominable thing that its departure should be hastened by people who tear the branches down.

One of these despoilers came before the magistrate at Wokingham. He had hacked down branches of some trees at Crowthorne with such brutal ferocity that the avenue where they grew was completely wrecked.

The unhappy owner, who had taken years to grow them, declared that he could never in his life restore them. The literal damage was under £20, but the trees could never be the same again.

The magistrate spoke words not a syllable too strong in saying that this sort of thing was a curse to the countryside, and he inflicted a sentence not a day too long in giving the despoiler three months' hard labour.

It is worth noting that the branches were consigned to Covent Garden, which gave rise to the magistrate's remark that such men came down from London with no respect for the beauty of the country.

## THE FADING FADELESS And the Shrinking Unshrinkable

Some of those who sell the clothes we wear are occasionally a little too hopeful in the description of their wares.

They speak of colours that are fast and colours that are fadeless, though sad experience tells the customer afterwards that the colours often come out in the wash.

Mr J. G. Williams, the chief chemist of the testing laboratory of Selfridge's, says that about one in five of these fabrics will not bear the test of the laundry. The fadeless and the fast colour articles do not endorse the claims made for them.

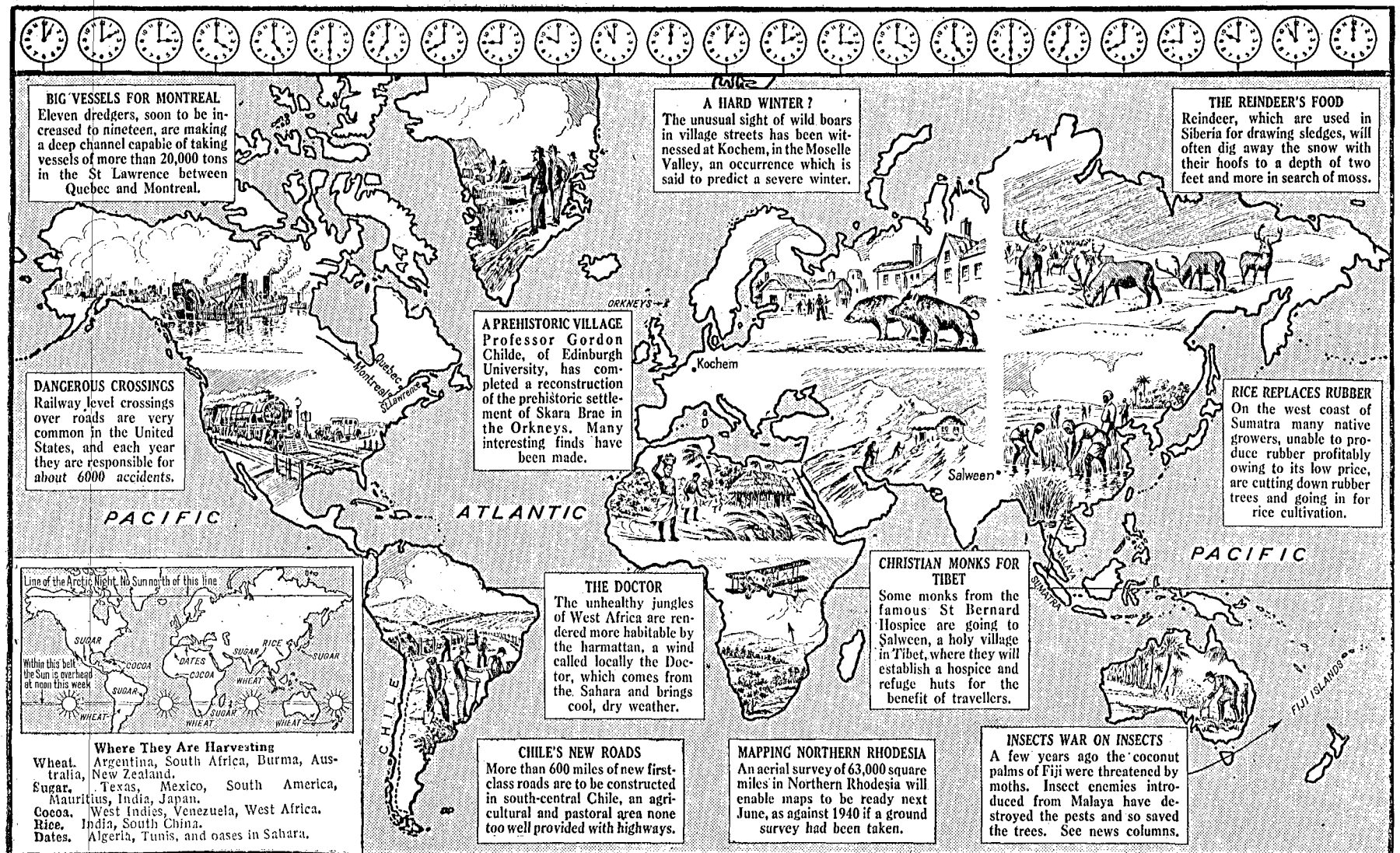
There are some fast colours, and a few grow brighter for the washing; but these are only few, and more research on the part of our dye chemists is needed to find others, unless we are to depend on the German factories for them.

While manufacturers are about it they ought also to find for us unshrinkable garments that will not shrink and water-proofs which will keep out the rain.

Alcohol is Bad for You



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## COCONUTS OF FIJI How an Insect Saved Them From Destruction A VICTORY OF SCIENCE

Science has just saved the coconut industry of the Fiji Islands.

The coconuts were threatened with entire destruction by swarms of moths known as *Levuana iridescens*, whose caterpillars were devouring the foliage, preventing nuts from forming, and endangering the lives of the trees. The position seemed hopeless until our Imperial Bureau of Entomology was appealed to.

Three first-class men sent out from London to Fiji found themselves completely baffled at first, but happily the resources of the Bureau suggested a remedy in the form of a parasitic insect found in the Malay States. One of the three went there, collected a great number of insects which prey on a related form of moth, and set sail with them on a voyage of four thousand miles.

Only about three hundred of the insects survived, and these, living as parasites on moths, were found to be themselves the victims of other parasites. Therefore the insects had to be bred in captivity until their enemies were disposed of.

When they were released and set to work they destroyed the moths and saved the coconuts. See World Map

### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Set of The Cries of London . . .	£2400
600 Letters by George Eliot . . .	£450
Kelmscott Press Chaucer . . .	£225
An enamelled glass beaker . . .	£175
An old Grandfather clock . . .	£110
A Toby jug . . .	£105
Pair of George II taper-sticks . . .	£86
A plain silver dredger . . .	£34

A quill pen with which the Treaty of Union between England and Scotland in 1707 was signed, was sold for £31.

## THANK YOU, B.B.C. What It Is Going To Do

The B.B.C. has saved the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts. Now it is coming to the rescue of Opera in England.

With its aid, and the promise of a grant from the Government, a company has been formed to give over 200 performances a year. There will be the usual Grand Opera season at Covent Garden in the spring, and autumn and winter seasons of six weeks at popular prices. There will also be seasons at six towns in the country.

A sum of £30,000 has been guaranteed, and it is expected that over 60 performances a year will be broadcast. As every listener knows, opera broadcast from a theatre is superior to that from a studio, and this new scheme will enable the works of the greatest masters of music to be heard in the most favourable circumstances.

If the B.B.C. brings about in opera the excellent results it has secured in orchestral playing we may before long lead the world in music.

## FRITTERING AWAY THE YEARS

I have seen men at the University fritter away the best years of their lives because they had allowed themselves to be obsessed with the desire for a Blue; and out in the world I have seen men swept off their feet by the glamour of the crowd, scamping their work, some not even working at all, full of the false idea that they could make up for lost time when their Rugger days were over. There is nothing so fickle in the world as the adoration of the crowd, whose memory is so short.

Mr I. M. B. Stuart, a Harrow Master

## THE POPE'S TELEPHONE

Somebody has presented the Pope with a magnificent portable telephone. It is of pure gold, ornamented with the heads of the four Evangelists in silver.

## BRITISH COLONISTS COMING HOME Back to the Motherland

Trade depression in Australia and New Zealand has had a marked effect on migration. In the first six months of this year many British colonists returned to the Motherland.

As to Australia the number of immigrants who came from the Commonwealth to England was 3026 more than those who went from England. In the case of New Zealand there were 478 more people from the Dominion to the Motherland than from the Motherland to the Dominion.

In the case of Canada there is still a movement outwards, the net emigration to the Dominion in the first six months of this year being 16,707. In the case of South Africa there was a slight excess coming to Britain.

## BARBAROUS WAYS OF CATCHING BIRDS

### All Are Illegal and Punishable

The excellent Scottish Society for the Protection of Wild Birds wishes the C.N. to state that the following methods of catching wild birds are illegal and are subject to penalties:

- The use of birdlime or such substances;
- The use of the pole trap;
- Catching birds by a hook;
- The use of a tethered live bird as a decoy.

If any of these cruel and illegal practices is observed the right course to follow is to report it to the police.

## A POOR LOOK-OUT

It is a poor look-out for the peace of the world if our ambition as a great commercial nation is to make a ringed fence around what we call the Empire and shut out the rest of the world. That way, of a certainty, lies war. We cannot afford to do without the rest of the world.

Sir Donald Maclean, M.P.

## THE MOTHERLAND AND HER CHILDREN What the Imperial Conference Decided To Do INDEPENDENCE OF THE DOMINIONS

Most of the delegates to the Imperial Conference are on their way home. The Government has issued a summary of their work which covers a wide field.

We have agreed to pass an Act of Parliament stating that no future Act should apply to a Dominion, as part of its laws, without that Dominion's consent; that no law passed by a Dominion should be void because it was repugnant to the law of England; and that a Dominion could amend or repeal any law in its own country although the law remained in force in the Motherland.

The Conference recommended that when an Imperial dispute occurs a tribunal of five members should be set up to settle it.

In the development of the naval base at Singapore the present policy is to remain and the question of its completion is to be postponed for five years.

Dominion ministers are to tender advice direct to the King as English ministers do, this practice to include the appointment of the Governor-General.

As to the economic questions discussed at the Conference, although the British Government could not consent to a tariff or embargo on foreign food and raw materials, the establishment of what is called a wheat quota is to be studied further by the economic section of the Conference, which is to meet in Ottawa during the next twelve months.

For the rest, the Empire Marketing Board is to be developed, industrial standardisation is to be established, Empire broadcasting is to be encouraged, and Empire air routes are to be used for Empire mails wherever possible.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 6 1930

## Our Servants

EVERYONE who is doing any work in the world is a servant. There is no prouder title than that of Public Servant. Why is there so little pride in being a Domestic Servant?

Every good housewife is a domestic servant. It may safely be said that any woman who is not domestic enough to serve her home will never make a good wife or a good mother. There are thousands of women who are their own and their only servants. Their number has been increasing of late years and continues to increase.

This is because, although there are just as many homes as ever with too much for one woman to do, it has become harder to get helpers. A man can get as much help as he wants in his office or his shop or his factory, but his wife will often have the greatest difficulty in finding a cook or in keeping a housemaid.

Shop assistants, waitresses, factory hands crowd the labour market. But no one ever expects to find a good Domestic Servant in the market-place, and there is no certainty in the registry office, which too often is a poor enough place. It is not a matter of pay. In the greatly improved conditions of domestic service today most servants are better off than the girls and women working in shops and factories.

The allurements of the town, and the kind of enjoyment and companionship it brings, together with the hope of converting the companion into a partner for life, are strong inducements to girls not to go into domestic service; but it is a short-sighted policy for both, because domestic service is the one occupation which will enable the one to make a good home or a wifely companion for the other.

We ought not to expect to find wise heads on young shoulders if no one takes the trouble to turn them the right way. What are all our charitable institutions doing to train their girls?

There was a time when the Foundling Hospital trained its girls to become domestic servants, but, though thousands of pounds are subscribed every year to Homes for orphan and destitute children, it is difficult to the point of impossibility to extract a domestic servant from them.

Yet these are just the institutions where the charitable public (which is one of the chief victims of what is called the Servant Problem) have a right to expect a little sympathy. We think the girls in these institutions, growing up to take their place in the work of the world, should be told that domestic service is a service of honour, a service to the home, and a service to its future.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Seen When Passing By

ON one of the quiet quaysides of the Seine in Paris a ten-year-old boy stood bewildered by an accident with his little automobile.

He had bumped into a tree with it, and he could not put it right, for he had no tools, and evidently did not know much about it. In his helplessness he burst into tears.

Just then a taxi came along and the driver caught sight of the boy. It is quite the right thing for motorists to help fellow-motorists. The taxi-driver stopped, left his car, and examined the damage. In a minute he had repaired the mischief done to the toy, and it worked again. With a cheering tap on the boy's cheek he jumped into his car and drove rapidly away.

The spectators who gathered round appreciated the scene warmly, and so will those who only read of it.

## The Seat That Is Not There

By Peter Puck

There are only seats in the House of Commons for about half the Members.

Said Tom, "What naughty gentlemen! Are those who make our laws! They often call each other names Amid prolonged applause.

Now boys are spanked for being rude, But these M.P.s. are not." Said Nurse, "You little understand Their sad and souring lot.

The storied hall wherein are met The men who rule our land Has only seats enough for half; The other half must stand."

They have to fight elections first, And when the seat is won They hurry off to Westminster To find there isn't one.

## Elizabeth Aged Eight

From a Correspondent

EDUCATION, somebody was saying the other day, has never been at so high a level before.

But a doubt has crossed our minds. We walked home from school with Elizabeth aged eight, who, having been at work from nine till four, had waited on longer for a music lesson and had brought back her homework to do. It included an Essay on Archbishop Cranmer.

The essay finished, and she tired out with wrestling with the ancient cleric, we lifted her to the window to look at the Great Bear in the northern sky.

"What's the Great Bear?" said Elizabeth crossly. "Nobody ever told me anything about the stars."

The Stars or Archbishop Cranmer: which would seem to come first for Elizabeth aged eight?

So nigh is grandeur to the dust, So near is God to man, When duty whispers low Thou must, The youth replies I can.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

## An Impulse

WHILE a traveller, identity unknown, was munching sandwiches in the buffet at Dover, before boarding the Ostend boat, he caught sight of the collecting-box for Dover Hospital.

He asked about its building fund, and forthwith took his fountain pen and a cheque-book, wrote a cheque for £50, and borrowed an envelope.

In the envelope he sealed up the cheque, handed it to the waitress to deliver, and went on his way.

It was an impulse. But, as an ancient proverb says, it is only out of a gold cart that a gold nail drops. This was a golden impulse out of a heart of gold.

## Tip-Cat

YOU can run up a house in four days, says a builder. Quicker, if you have a ladder.

A SCHOOL for teaching parrots has been started in London. A poll-itical institution?

A CHICAGO bandit held up a man on his way to the dentist. There is something good in all of us.

It is said that the coffee situation caused the Brazil revolution. We have had coffee like that.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a dentist lives from hand to mouth

To be a good typist, says one of them, brains are needed. Also a typewriter.

MEN are going in for gaudy socks. They will have to be pulled up.

AN explorer home from the South Seas, asked what the natives do for a living, informs us that they sell copra and Robert Louis Stevenson's inkpot.

SOME barometers cost as much as thirty pounds. The weather we get doesn't seem worth it.

A TELEPHONE girl won a fishing contest in Kent. She got the right number.

IN Armenia eggs are used as currency. They must be always breaking the bank.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

MR FORD has given £50,000 to the Deutsch Museum in Munich.

SIR WILLIAM MORRIS has given nearly £50,000 to rebuild a hospital near Oxford.

LINDBERGH is to fly through South America on a Goodwill Tour.

## JUST AN IDEA

Nobody will keep his word in the next war. There will be no international law. Cattle will be killed, crops destroyed, men, women, and children blinded and poisoned.

## Wanted, a Word

IT is curious how we have come to use the word Flying to describe passage through the air by machinery.

It is, of course, quite wrong.

Suppose a man declared that he had swum the English Channel, and on being asked how he did it replied that he crossed by rowing boat. He would be laughed out of court. Suppose another declared that he had swum the Atlantic, and on being asked for an explanation replied that he had crossed in a motor-launch, what should we say of him? Why should we call working an aeroplane flying?

Obviously a true word is needed to describe what is actually done, namely, *sitting in the seat of a machine and working its engine and the controls to travel through space.*

The words Aviator and Aviation are not true, because they are derived from *avis*, a bird, and a bird most certainly flies and does not sit in the seat of a machine and work an engine. A man using oars *rows*, and a man travelling in a ship *sails*, but what does a man do who uses a machine to travel through the air? Someone should invent an appropriate word.

## A Prayer From the East

*This is my prayer to Thee, my Lord.*

Strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bow the knee before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles; And give me the strength to surrender my strength to Thy will, with love.

Rabindranath Tagore

## Ideas of Norman Angell

Faith and the Practical Man

MEN who take particular pride in being practical sometimes say "I would believe in such ideals as the League of Nations if they were practical."

To which one can retort with truth: "They are not practical because you don't believe in them. If men believed in them these ideals would be commonplaces."

Two boats were being swept toward some rapids. In one boat some of the rowers were pessimists who believed so strongly that it was hopeless to struggle against the current that they did not row their best. The boat was swept over the rapids and all were drowned. The men of the other boat were more optimistic. Believing they could stem the current they did their best and reached the shore.

The forecasts of the pessimists and optimists were both confirmed by what happened, and what determined it was the human will, which depended on their faith. N. A.



## TOO MANY CELLARS PAVED WITH GOLD CAUSE OF THE WORLD'S MISERY

### The Pitiful Struggle of Europe to Pay America

#### A MAD WORLD

By a Special Correspondent

Nature has been generous to that great country the United States.

Her mighty population, now counting 123 millions, has more coal and iron and copper and lead and zinc and mineral oil and good land for corn and cotton than any other country in the world.

Having such abundant supplies, America has naturally built up a vast trade and she has lent much money abroad. Also she lent big sums to Britain and her Allies in the last two years of the war.

As a consequence a great stream of payments is due to her every year. She has become a great creditor nation, the larger part of the world being in her debt.

#### Refusing Imports

Yet, strangely enough, the United States pursues an illiberal trade policy. She levies such heavy duties on imports that countries in debt to her have the greatest difficulty in paying the debts. Debts between nations can only be settled in three ways:

*By paying in Goods,  
By paying in Securities, or  
By paying in Gold.*

Paying in securities is really entering into new debts or remaining in debt. The American tariff making it impossible for nations to pay their debts to America entirely in goods, the indebted nations have to fall back upon entering into new debt or sending gold to America. That is why, since the war, the world has become more and more in debt to America and why America has piled up a store of gold worth £800,000,000.

#### Gold Hoarding

Prices are made in terms of gold, that metal being accepted as the standard of value. For prices to keep reasonably steady it is necessary for the quantity of gold in the world's banks to remain proportionate to the world's flow of goods.

*If the proportion of gold falls, prices fall.  
If the proportion of gold rises, prices rise.*

The world is suffering from a shortage of gold, due partly to natural causes and partly to the fact that America has taken so much of the supply.

The whole world's stock of gold is only about £2,000,000,000, and the United States has about £800,000,000. Another country which has a disproportionate amount of gold is France, which has £400,000,000, so that two countries, America and France, have between them over half the available gold of the world.

*This undoubtedly has been a great cause of the rapid fall in the prices of wholesale commodities which has upset business everywhere and caused so much distress and unemployment.*

The world has actually been producing more goods since the war, while gold has been kept out of proper use by America and France. It is a very terrible state of affairs, and it is high time the nations were called together seriously to consider it. Among other evils those countries which owe debts to other countries, payable at gold prices, are faced with the serious fact that they have to supply more goods to satisfy their debts.

America herself is suffering seriously, and there are many Americans who greatly dislike the exclusive policy which has caused so much trouble. Thus Mr J. W. Angell, Professor of Economics at Colombia University, has just pointed out that the annual payment of interest by the world to the United States now

## THE POLICEMAN SETTLES IT

SOMETIMES the village policeman is underrated. In a village near Paris he has just settled a problem in poultry which would have taxed the wit of the mayor or the magistrates.

The problem was this. Madame Duval who keeps chickens missed two of them. Madame Dubois who also keeps chickens in a neighbouring run became possessed of two chickens which had not been perceived on her premises before Madame Duval lost her couple.

It was not unnatural that Madame Duval should have made remarks. She made them more than once. Madame Dubois (still keeping the chickens) also spoke winged words.

Enter the village policeman. Armed with plenary powers he commanded that all the chickens of both runs should be driven out in the roadway. Passing motor-cars and motor cycles would appear to

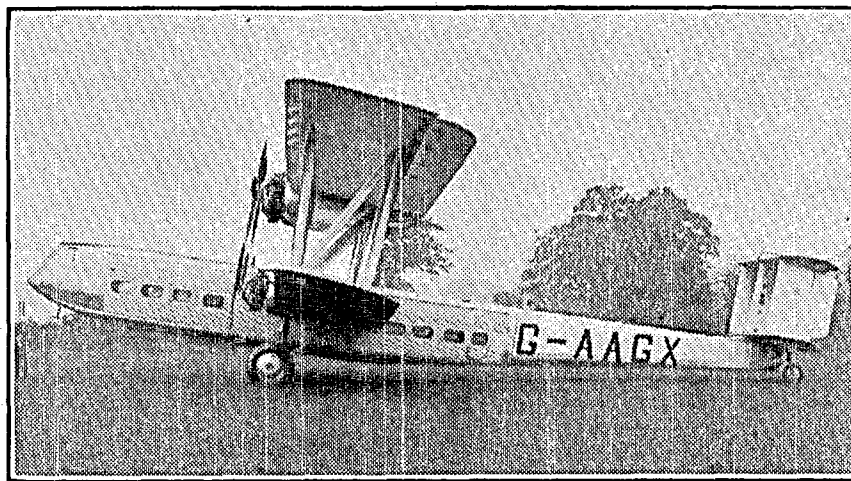
be rare in this village, but boys are not. There was no need to summon them to the spot, and when they were there the further orders of the policeman were obeyed by them with enthusiasm.

He told them to make as much noise as they could. Such an order, so unusual in their young lives, was obeyed with a force and alacrity that almost frightened the chickens out of their wits.

But it also frightened them back into their own poultry runs, and into the yard of Madame Duval flew squawking the two missing chickens. Madame Dubois had lost her case—and the two extra fowls.

The policeman, acting on the well-known maxim that chickens come home to roost, had dealt with the problem like a man of savoir faire, as the French say. He ought to be moved up to the Prefecture.

## BRITAIN'S BIGGEST AIR LINER



Hannibal, the Handley Page air liner, with passenger compartments jutting out far ahead.



A front view of the machine with its 500 h.p. Bristol Jupiter engines running.

The first of a new fleet of Handley Page aeroplanes for Imperial Airways has recently been undergoing tests. These two pictures give an idea of the immense size of the machine, which is the largest aeroplane yet built in England. This machine is intended for use in the East and has accommodation for 26 passengers, although others to be used on the London-Paris route will carry 40 passengers apiece.

Continued from the previous column  
amounts to £240,000,000, and that it is a terrible struggle for the world at large. He advocates that the war debts should be revised, that Germany's war reparation payments should be reconsidered, and that a big reduction should be made in the American customs duties.

When a country like America, by reason of its splendid natural resources, plays so large a part in the world's activities, it is a very serious matter that it should pursue a course of action calculated to make its wealth not a blessing to the world but a source of distress. We are not surprised that eminent Americans are beginning to say so.

## THE ONLY ROAD UNDER THE STRAND Why Waste It?

We are glad to see the suggestion made in one of the papers that the new Kingsway Tunnel for tramways, now nearly completed, should be open to motor-traffic.

The C.N. has already suggested that this should be done, and it remains convinced that it is a sheer waste of public money and of public time to reserve this valuable highway, the only road under the Strand, for trams only. It should be open at least to cars of all kinds.

## KINDNESS EVERYWHERE TWO PICTURES

### The Café in Budapest and the Train on the Frontier

#### THERE ARE NO STRANGERS

More people travel in these days than ever, and it is delightful to see the welcome given to the stranger in every land. There are no strangers now; we are all becoming friends.

Here are two pictures we have received from C.N. travellers, which it is good to put on record.

The first comes from Budapest. A young man went in to a little open-air restaurant and sat down at one of the tables. He was evidently a foreigner, and might have been taken for one of the thousands of pilgrims from abroad come to do honour to St Emeric, whose festival was being celebrated; but his working clothes were dusty and his boots were travel-stained.

#### A Glass of Water

He looked a trifle weary, but was apparently not hungry, for all he ordered was a glass of water. Having drunk it, he prepared to go as quietly as he came, when one of the men at the next table, struck perhaps by such abstemiousness, spoke to him, asking where he came from.

Whipping off his cap, the boy answered that he came from Germany. Further questions revealed that he was an engineer, unable to find work in his own country, and was walking from Breslau to Constantinople, where a friend had promised him a job.

Asked whether he was hungry he answered, "Not particularly," but on being pressed he had to admit that yesterday's lunch was the last meal he had had. Horrified, his questioners made him sit down at their table and ordered him a hearty meal, saying that it would be an insult to their city in its holiday mood if he passed through without taking anything but a glass of water.

So the boy sat down, ate a good meal, thanked his hosts warmly, and started off again on his walk to Constantinople, where we hope he will succeed.

#### The Kindly Soldiers

The other picture comes from a third-class carriage on the Cologne-to-Ostend train. Two Englishwomen were congratulating themselves on having found an empty compartment. It is wonderful how a cushion and a rug will transform even a hard wooden seat into a comfortable bed. They turned down the light and were soon asleep.

When the Belgian frontier was reached their dreams were broken by many voices. The train had stopped, and a crowd of Belgian soldiers, all in high spirits, passed down the corridor looking for seats.

One of the women sat up as the door of the compartment was opened, and was about to put on the light and make room for the newcomers. Several soldiers looked in, but one said to his companions: "They are ladies. Let them sleep." He closed the door again, and nothing would induce the men to come into the compartment.

All along the corridor they stood through the night, talking in low tones so as not to disturb the sleepers, until at last the white light of morning came and they reached their destination.

An avenue of 33 saplings with children's names on them has been planted at Witney in Oxfordshire.

The ruins of Tintagel Castle, dating from the 13th century, have been scheduled as an ancient monument.

The Underground Railway has refused to display certain posters advertising plays at two London theatres, and they have been banned also by the Leicester Billposters.



## THE SUN AND THE WEATHER

### KNOWLEDGE GATHERED AT MOUNT WILSON

When the Temperature of All the World Changes

#### THINGS STILL UNEXPLAINED

Dr Charles Abbot has scanned the Sun with a measuring lens for thirty years. He tells us it is a variable star.

This belief was first stated by him a quarter of a century ago. Since then he has examined the Sun nearly day by day at Mount Wilson in California, at Arequipa in Peru, at Bassour in Algeria, and more recently in South Africa.

The carefully tabulated results, whether made at sea-level or at heights of 14,000 feet, all confirm the conclusion that there is a variation in the Sun's radiation which may amount to as much as seven per cent.

#### Sun-Spots and Pulsation

It appears to be in some ways a regular variation, though there is an irregular one over an interval of ten days. When sun-spots are numerous the variation is high, when they are small or few the Sun changes little. But the longer the Sun's brightness has been examined the more it appears that the Sun slowly pulsates, almost as if it were a living, breathing thing.

As the Sun is the sole source of the temperature of the Earth's atmosphere, it would be natural to suppose that this should vary with the Sun's changes. The connection has been very hard to establish, but now Dr Abbot finds himself able to declare that this change in the air's temperature does occur.

Observations over the last six years show that whenever the Sun's radiation increases to a maximum, for a period of four or five days, and after that decreases again, the temperature of the air as a whole, all over the world, follows it. The alteration in the air's atmosphere begins four days after the alteration in that of the Sun. The amount of difference may be about five degrees Fahrenheit.

#### Rising and Falling Temperature

There is one thing which remains unexplained, apart from the fact that the causes of the Sun's variation are unknown. In some months a rise in solar radiation will cause a rising temperature in the Earth's atmosphere; in other months a similar rise will cause a falling temperature.

The Sun's influence therefore sets some mechanism at work in the Earth's atmosphere which is not yet understood. Moreover, a very slight change in what we may call the surface temperature of the Sun often causes a large change in that of the air.

Of the connection between the two things there is no doubt. It remains to observers of the future to explain its working. Dr Abbot himself thinks the key may be found in discovering whether and how far the barometric pressures of the air could be connected with the changes.

When this is done we may be able to forecast the nature and changes of the world's weather, which, when all is considered, must be influenced more by the Sun than by any other single cause.

#### THE PENDOGRAPH

Those who enjoy a new toy at Christmas-time will find many hours of interest in the Pendograph, a little device for making designs in coloured sand which grow before our eyes in geometrical perfection. The Pendograph is sold at 1s 6d, post free, by P. K. Arm, 1, Clarence Street, West Belfast.

## Printed Birthday of Words

### DISCOVERIES BY C.N. SEARCHERS

New Facts for the Greatest Book of Words in the English-Speaking World

HALF-GUINEAS FOR EXPLORERS OF OUR MOTHER TONGUE

It is now nine months since the C.N. asked its readers to find the age of about twenty words—the earliest date, that is to say, at which they are found in print. The search has revealed some interesting facts.

The words are among those asked for by the makers of the Oxford English Dictionary. It is the desire of the editors of this work to trace every word in the English language to its earliest appearance in print. All over the world patient people are searching for the first use of words to complete this wonderful book.

We asked for the dates of certain words for which the Oxford Dictionary already has one date, and the question was whether the history of the word could be carried farther back. We offered our readers half-a-guinea each for any discovery of an earlier date than the Dictionary date. Below we give a list of the words whose printed history has been carried farther back by our readers; we give side by side the Oxford Dictionary date and the C.N. date.

	O.D.	C.N.
Back number .. ..	1888 ..	1882
Baking powder .. ..	1878 ..	1850
Battleship .. ..	1889 ..	1844
Card index .. ..	1917 ..	1898
Carpet slipper .. ..	1906 ..	1905
Cavalry officer .. ..	1903 ..	1850
Central heating .. ..	1921 ..	1912

A number of our readers have also sent us dates for certain phrases asked for by the editors of the Oxford Dictionary. The discoveries of some of these phrases are extremely interesting. Here are a few of the dates.

	O.D.	C.N.
Away (matches away) ..	1907 ..	1897
Not so bad .. ..	1891 ..	1855
Bats in the belfry .. ..	1927 ..	1922
Full of beans .. ..	1925 ..	1917
Carrier (of disease) ..	1910 ..	1900

Below we give the complete list of the discoveries made by our readers, with the examples and where they are found.

**Away.** Used as describing matches played not on the home ground, Away goes back to 1897, when it appeared on a fixture card of the Royal High School Football Club, Edinburgh, in which the matches are classed as Home and Away. The O.D. date was 1907.

**Back number.** We have been able to trace this word to the Boy's Own Paper of Saturday, October 21, 1882, where it appears in Answers to Correspondents on page 48. This is six years earlier than the O.D. date.

**Not so bad.** As far as we know Charles Kingsley must be given the credit for this phrase as meaning fairly good, for it occurs in the second chapter of Westward Ho! written in 1855. "Her song was not so bad," said Sir Richard to Lady Bath. The O.D. date was 1891.

**Baking powder.** We have found several earlier dates than the O.D. date of 1878 for baking powder, one in a book on illness, published in 1870; another in our friend Mrs Beeton, published in 1866; but earliest of all in the third volume of the Family Friend, dated 1850, where Borthwick's and Delport's baking powders are mentioned several times in Answers to Correspondents.

**Bats in the belfry.** We are five years earlier than the Oxford Dictionary with this phrase, which appeared in a short story published in 1922 in the Story Teller. The story was actually called The Bat and Belfry Inn, and in it occurs the sentence "Come and celebrate the end of this bat and belfry sort of management." We find another reference earlier than the O.D. date in the Annual Report of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society for 1924, where "bats in the belfry" is quoted on page 135 in an article by Mr R. Morton Nance.

**Battleship.** Here, if our word is allowed, we beat the Oxford Dictionary (1889) by nearly half a century. Our earliest date is 1844, when the original form of this word occurs twice in a publication of the Religious Tract Society called The Visitor, or Monthly Instructor. On page 392, under the heading Remarkable Preservation, occurs this sentence: "I was invalided at Madras, and procured a passage in a line-of-battle ship for England." Under the same heading, lower down, the word occurs again in this way: "The line-of-battle ship had foundered at sea, and not a human being of the crew or passengers survived to tell the tale." It seems probable that the word battleship grew out of the old phrase line-of-battle ship.

**Full of beans.** The Oxford Dictionary date for this phrase is 1925; ours is 1917, when it appeared in chapter 5 of a book called Assets of Empire, by R. A. Balburney. We have found another date earlier than the Oxford Dictionary in the first chapter of Mr John Buchan's story The Three Hostages, published in the year 1924.

**Card index.** We ourselves used this phrase in the Harmsworth Self-Educator in 1915, two years before the Oxford Dictionary date, but it appears on page ten of a book on Modern Business Methods, published by Macmillan in 1898.

**Carpet slipper.** Here the Oxford Dictionary date is 1906; ours is 1905, when the word appears in a dictionary of the French and English languages by F. E. A. Gasc, published by George Bell and Sons. Carpet Slipper is there defined as the English equivalent for pantoufle de tapisserie.

**Carrier of disease.** Our earliest date for this word is 1900, ten years before the Oxford Dictionary. It appears on page 89 of a translation of Professor Angelo Celli's book on Malaria, published by Longmans.

**Cash on delivery.** We have not found an earlier date than 1899, the O.D. date for this, but the letters C.O.D. appeared in 1898 on page 138 of Modern Business Methods, published by Macmillan, and the letters are there defined as Collect on Delivery, from which Cash on Delivery may have been derived.

**Cavalry officer.** We beat the O.D. by more than half a century here. Their date is 1903, but G. W. Stevens was four years earlier with it, Davenport Adams used the phrase in 1872, Whyte Melville used it earlier still, and it appeared as long ago as 1850 in Household Words, on page 35 of Volume One.

**Central heating.** The O.D. date is 1921; ours is 1912, when it appeared in the first few pages of a book on Central Station Heating by B. T. Gifford, published by E. and F. Spon. The phrase also comes into Mr Hugh Walpole's novel, The Green Mirror, published in 1918; it is in Book Two, chapter 4, where Philip describes his flat to Katharine.

In connection with these discoveries prizes of half-a-guinea each have been sent to the following C.N. readers:

Mrs Clarke, Altrincham; W. H. Ewart, Holmfirth; Noel Freeman, Southbourne; H. Jenkins, Chester; J. M. Livingston, Glasgow; Sadie McMurray, Gatehouse, Kirkcudbrightshire; C. Muddle, Thornton Heath; Ethel Pannifer, Weaste.

Half-a-guinea has been sent to the discoverer of every date for a word in our original list, and we shall be glad to extend the offer to another series of words now asked for by the Oxford Dictionary. In the new list of words just published by them the editors of the Dictionary are asking for earlier dates for the following words, and we will

## A BETTER CHANCE FOR CHINESE BABIES

What an English Lady Has Done

An experiment in Hang-chow is now a year old, and is a great success.

It was in February last year that the mayor was asked to visit the city orphanage. When he arrived he found a quiet English lady who was going to see the place too. Her name was Sister Bargrove, and he learned that she had had a hospital training.

They went round the orphanage. It was large, but dark, airless, and very dirty. The nurses were ignorant women and many had infectious diseases.

To this dismal place a hundred unwanted babies were sent every month, and none ever left it alive!

No wonder the mayor cried "Take me out of this slaughter-house!"

He had looked on those wasted little faces, heard that low wailing cry of a dying baby, and exclaimed: "It would be better to kill them."

But he did not merely run away from that dismal place. Sister Bargrove was asked to reorganise it, and she leaped at the chance.

Most English babies are brought up today on the principles taught by Sir Truby King, and Sister Bargrove determined that these little orphans should fare as well as English babies. The alterations and equipment were completed. Four trained nurses came from the Hang-chow Hospital, and the baby slaughter-house became almost a garden. In fresh air and sunshine and spotless cleanliness the little orphans flourish today, and a Chinese lady is now matron.

## A HOME FOR LITTLE SLAVES

Pathetic Appeal From Yun-Nan-Fu

Sometimes the chivalrous folk of this world are tempted to think a day has come when they can rest from strife. But not yet.

A letter from Yun-Nan-Fu to the Anti-Slavery Society in London reminds us of that. The Chinese writers of the letter asked whether England and America would help to raise £500 in order to run a home for slave children.

They say that the selling of Chinese children is a universal custom, and brings endless misery to the poor little creatures, whose sufferings are not relieved by their being called servants or adopted daughters instead of slaves. The C.N. has often broken a lance in their defence, and has urged the British Government to enforce the law against child slavery in Hong Kong, which the present Government has pledged its honour to abolish.

The senders of the letter we refer to want to start a home for children who have been freed and have nowhere to go. For £500 such a home could be run for three years, and many children taught to forget their pitiful past and to learn a trade.

Continued from the previous column

send half-a-guinea to the reader who sends us the earliest date for the following:

Engine stroke ..	1910	Family rose ..	1903
Eolith .. ..	1896	Fan (in films) ..	1903
Escalator .. ..	1904	Far-flung .. ..	1897
Eye-level .. ..	1902	Mud-slinging ..	1928
Eye-strain .. ..	1906	Multiple shop ..	1909
Fag (cigarette) ..	1888	Museum-piece ..	1920

All dates must reach the Editor before the end of January.

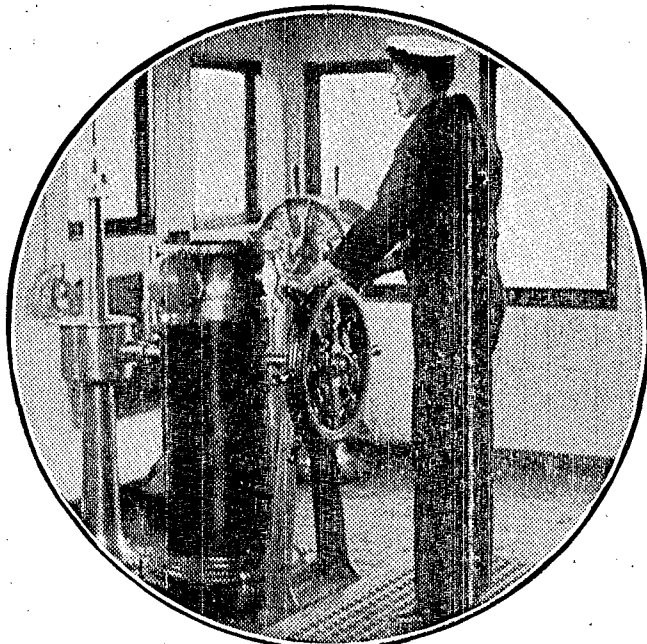
The date is also wanted for the first use of the word Exclusive in the sense in which newspapers use it to describe special news; the present date is 1901. At present the Oxford Dictionary has no date for the word Fade as meaning to darken with age. The date is also wanted for the first use of Ever in the sense of Did you ever!



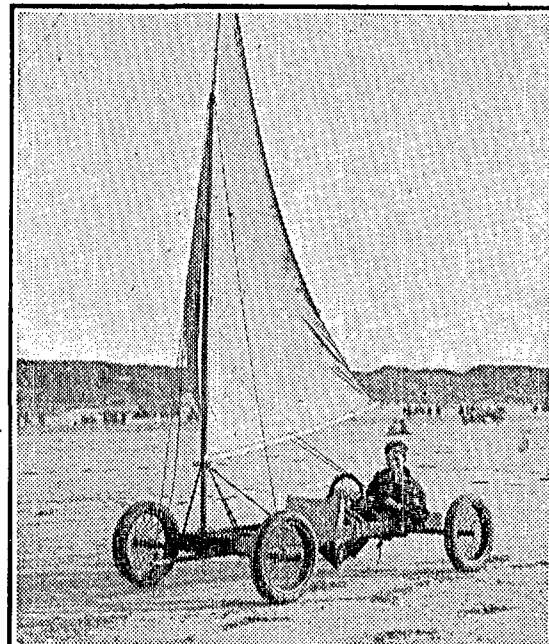
# THE MAN AT THE WHEEL ON LAND, AT SEA, AND IN THE AIR



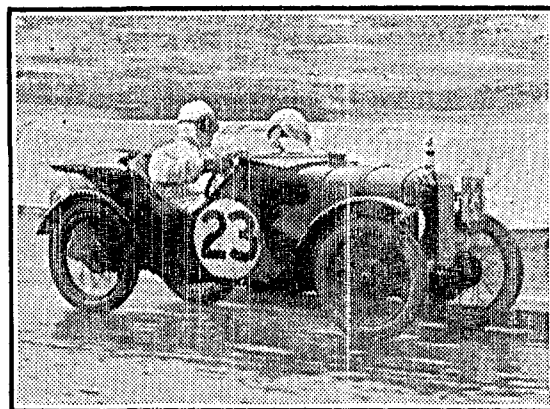
The river lock



The liner



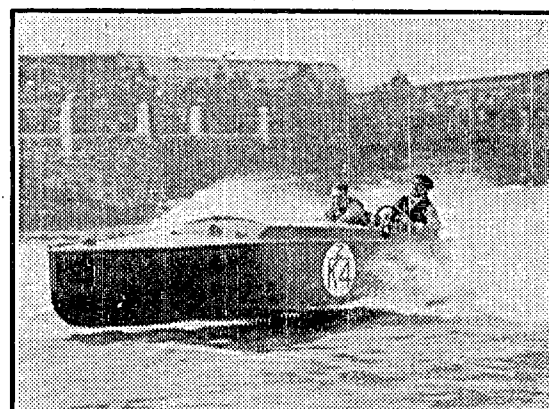
The sand yacht



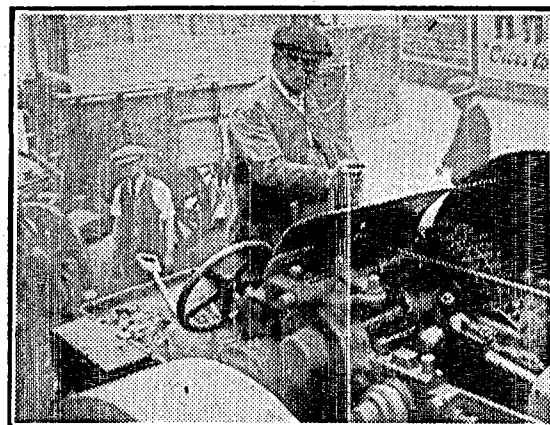
The racing motor-car



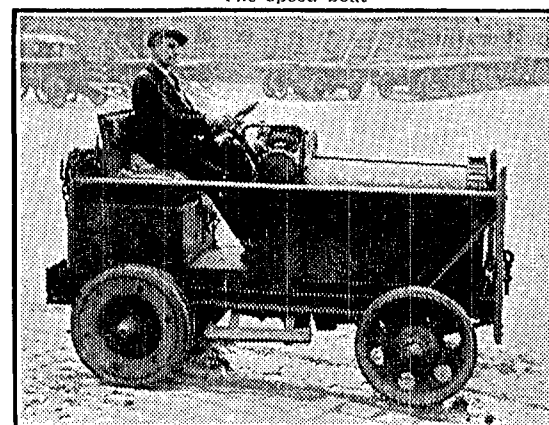
The yacht



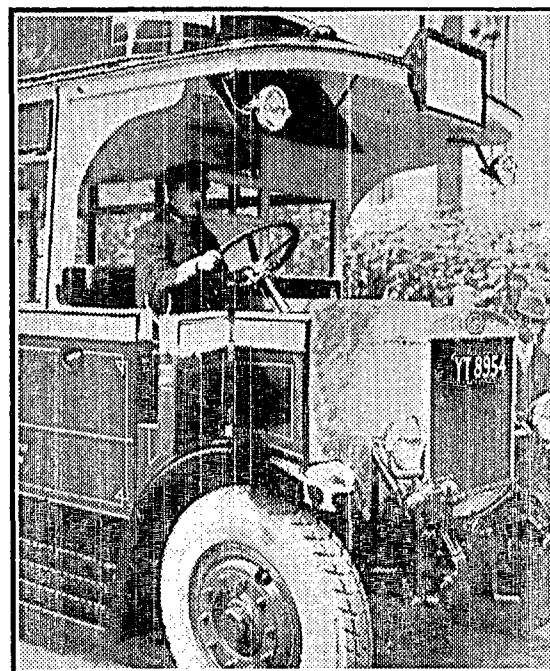
The speed boat



The steam-roller



The motor-tractor



The motor-bus



The motor-lorry



The airship

The man at the wheel has become an everyday expression for anyone in charge, for most mechanical devices, particularly in the realm of transport, are controlled by this most convenient means. Here are some pictures showing the man at the wheel, a character who plays an important part in this Machine Age on land, at sea, and in the air.



## A LIFE TO THINK ABOUT

### The Builder of Bolton Town Hall

#### BACK TO HIS OLD JOB

All but sixty years ago Richard Mosley began to work as a young joiner on Bolton Town Hall, which was then being built at a cost of £166,000.

He had been born in Manchester, but when he was a few weeks old his parents had died, and he was taken to Wem, in Shropshire, to be brought up by his grandparents. In his twenty-first year he was back in Lancashire, busy on the new Town Hall at Bolton.

Seven years later he started business for himself with his savings of £80 as his capital. Now Bolton needs another new Town Hall and civic centre, for the old one is inadequate for its needs. The cost of the new building is to be £570,000, and Richard Mosley is the successful contractor for the undertaking.

Bolton has committed this great work to his care with the utmost confidence, for he has been building houses and shops, mills and schools, in that neighbourhood for half a century, and everyone knows his work is thorough. It is very honourable work.

And everyone knows, too, that Mr Mosley is just the same quiet, kindly, unpretentious but thoroughly sound man, surveying the world with a humorous eye, as he was when he was a joiner working on the old Town Hall, or building his first house on a capital of £80.

In this age of speculation, progressive towns know where they are when they are dealing with such men—men who are most honoured where best known.

We do not hear much of self-help in these showy days, but it is still the foundation of much solid prosperity. We salute Bolton and Mr Richard Mosley with good old-fashioned respect.

## FOUR MILLION ACRES FOR FORESTS

### Why Not Plant Them Now?

In spite of the good forestry work now being done an enormous amount of British land can yet be made into forest.

According to the best authority there are two million acres in England and Wales and two million more acres in Scotland fit for planting. It is surprising that this work is not more vigorously pursued at a time when so many men need employment.

Time was when the greater part of the British area carried forests. These forests have disappeared through human agency, and it is high time we replanted our country, so much of which is badly used. Thousands of acres now growing merely bracken might be bearing splendid crops of timber.

## WHAT TO DO WITH SPARE TIME

An indefatigable worker for humanity, Miss A. E. Hayes, who is about to retire from her position as headmistress at Edmonton, has been working for 20 years on behalf of worn out horses.

At first, with her own money, she bought horses which had grown old and decrepit and sent them to do light work on a sports field. If they were diseased she had them painlessly destroyed. People hearing about this work sent her gifts of money so that more horses could be saved from misery.

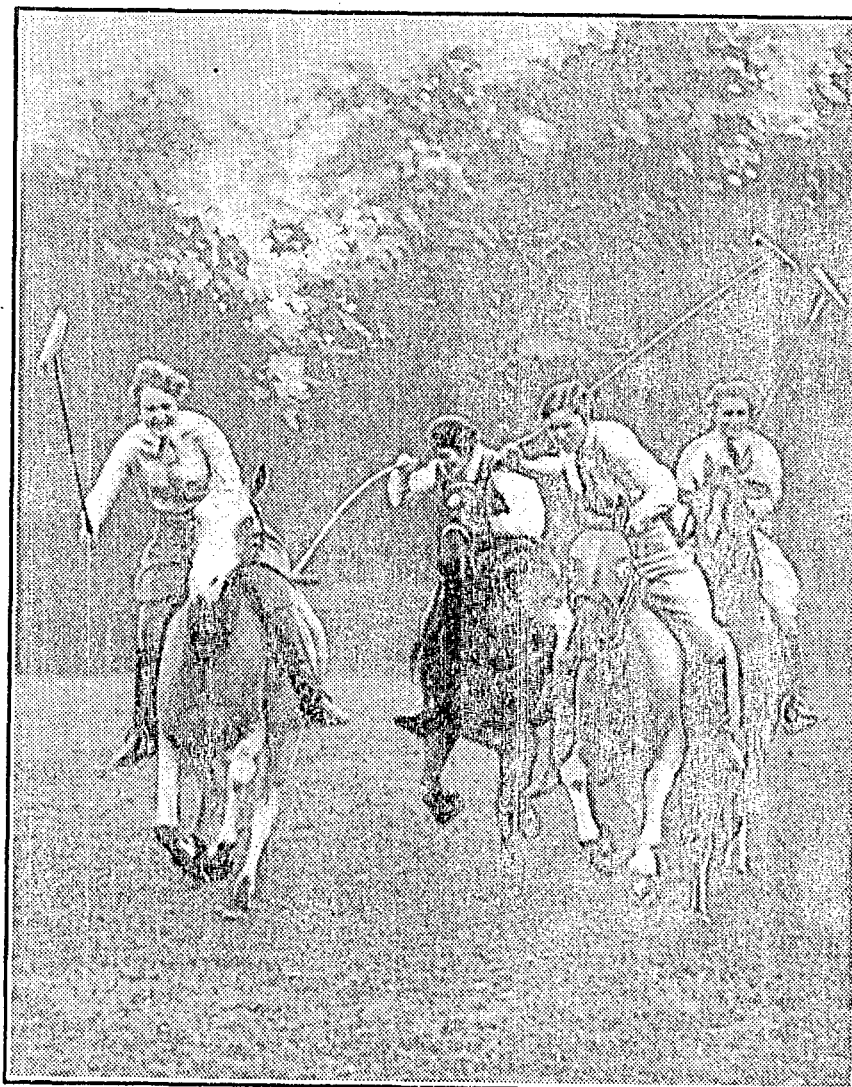
Miss Hayes has often helped magistrates when a man has been brought before them for working a horse in an unfit condition. Probably the man had not been able to afford a better horse. After making inquiries Miss Hayes has often been able to put things right by buying the horse and obtaining a new one.

Her work is a fine example of what any one of us may do with our spare time.

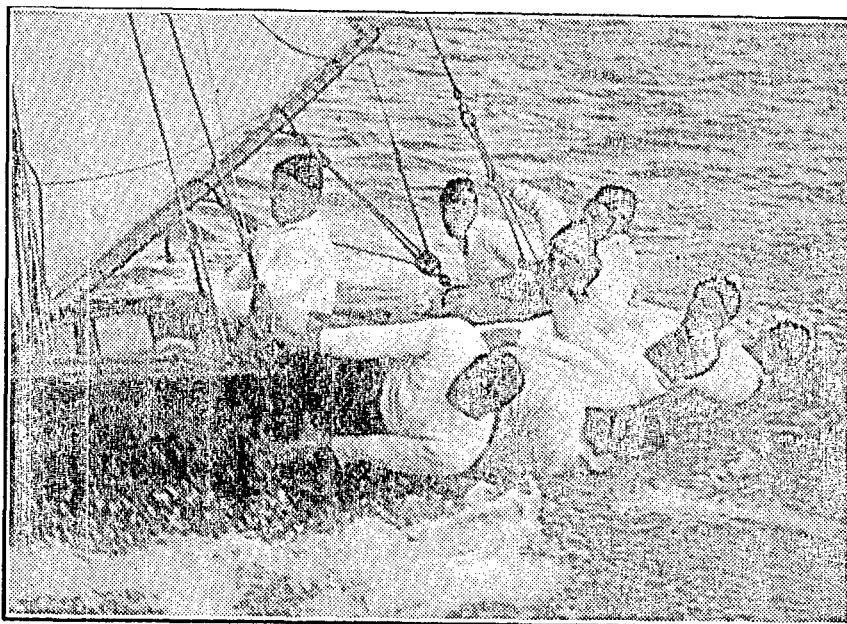
## NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



University Rugger—Next Tuesday the Rugby match between Oxford and Cambridge takes place at Twickenham. This year's game has aroused great interest because there is the prospect of a great battle between two good teams.



Polo For Women—Four women members of a riding club formed a polo team, and are here seen playing on Ham Common, Surrey.



Nine Men in a Boat—This picture from Sydney, Australia, shows how a big crew keeps a little sailing boat on an even keel. Five of the men have only their legs in the boat.

## A NEW BALTIC PORT

### Rapid Rise of Gdynia

#### THE OPENING OF AN ALL-POLISH RAILWAY

The Poles have always ranked high as an imaginative people. Today they must be numbered among those who put their ideas into a practical form.

The Peace Treaty extended the boundaries of Poland to the Baltic, giving her a tiny strip of coast to the west of Danzig, the Free City placed under the protection of the League of Nations and administered by them jointly with Poland. The purpose was to give Poland a free port for her commerce.

Poland, however, was determined to have her own port on her own territory, with a railway entirely in Poland, and she set to work to convert the tiny fishing village of Gdynia into a great city with dockyards, warehouses, and all the modern harbour equipment.

So rapidly has the work been carried out that last year two and a half million tons of cargo were exported from Gdynia in 1500 ships. In the same year 5400 ships cleared from Danzig.

Gdynia will now make more rapid strides in its rivalry with its ancient neighbour for, with the opening of the new railway from Gdynia into the industrial heart of her country, Poland's wonderful dream has been fulfilled.

## 150 GREAT PLACES

### Possessions of the National Trust

The annual report of the National Trust is full of information for the lover of England. It could almost serve as a guide book for an overseas visitor.

The C.N. has from time to time recorded the Trust's taking over of such famous places as Runnymede, and Friday Street, and in this report we read of over a dozen recent gifts and purchases of ancient and picturesque places to be for ever preserved from the spoiler.

There are now over 150 properties owned by the Trust, and it is interesting to note that almost every building belonging to it may be seen without charge.

The steady rise in the funds of the Trust shows that its excellent work is being widely appreciated; the subscriptions having nearly doubled in the last two years. The Trust is doing a great work, but even now it is only at the beginning of its possibilities, and it needs the help of everyone. The C.N. would be delighted if a thousand of its readers would join, and so help on the noble work of saving the most beautiful country on Earth from the destroyer.

## ANIMALS THAT TRUST US

Many animals, and some birds, have the feeling that human beings will help them when they are distressed.

We have had more than one proof that rabbits pursued by stoats will lead the way to men as to a friend. Even the sheep has been known to seek human help when its young were in trouble. Birds that live in friendliness with us will bring their young to be fed, and will show them with pride. Here is an instance of an understanding cat described by one of our readers.

He is a tom, very devoted to his mistress, but jealous of any feline intruder into his domains. The one exception is a neighbouring tabby. She is tolerated. Lately she has had kittens. One day he came home excitedly and searched the house for his mistress. When he found her he gave her to understand clearly that he wanted her to follow him to the garden. Then he led her to where, under a tree, was a small kitten.

How it came there was not known, but apparently its mother had abandoned it. But the cat knew somebody who would take care of it.



December 6, 1930

## The Children's Newspaper

11

## LIFE IN A MOUNTAIN CELL

A Great Lady's New Home  
GLORY OF A WINDOW

We learn from Switzerland that a certain great lady, the Marchesa Vitelascchi, is going to leave the fashionable world and live in a mountain cell near the summit of Monte Generoso.

No doubt she is tired of being a slave to custom and longs for the freedom of a simple life. But it is difficult for the most sincere of us to live simply nowadays, and the Marchesa's mountain cell has cost about £750 to build.

If we are to believe the painters of saints and hermits, their mountain cells contained little besides a crucifix and a skull. There must have been a rough pallet bed and a wooden stool and a pitcher to fetch water from the brook. They lived on the bread of charity, or on berries and roots, and as the coldness of the cell was part of their penance we do not think there can have been any brazier within its sombre walls.

But the cell on the crest of Monte Generoso is fitted with electricity for lighting, cooking, and heating, and a cable will bring food from the railway station below. If Peter the Hermit had heard of such a cell he would have asked, with Juliet, "What's in a name?"

Many people will envy the Marchesa. Her cell has been built against a wall of rock 5500 feet above sea-level, and its windows look out upon the glories of the mountains, with a precipice 600 feet deep just below. No tiresome callers can interrupt, no traffic noises fret her there. Artists and authors will sigh: "What work I could do if only I could live in such a cell!"

But they would probably waste all their time looking out of the windows.

SEE ENGLAND FIRST  
Some of Our Proud Corners

Little Known England. By Harold D. Eberlein. (Batsford, 12s 6d)

The England that is little known is becoming smaller every day. Mr Eberlein, in describing the little bits he loves in the Cotswolds, the Welsh Marches, and East Anglia, offers an apology for appearing to declare that they are flowers that blush unseen. There are plenty more besides.

But whoever looks again through Mr Eberlein's camera, or by the aid of his descriptive pen, at the Broad Street and the Narrow Gateway of Ludlow, or at Stokesay Castle from the west, or Burford's romantic street, will never cavil at a title. What will most rejoice them is meeting with an old friend.

Old friends again are the White Horse on its hill and Mapledurham Mill, and the cottage at Chalfont St Giles where Milton sojourned for a while. Many have seen them in the last few summers who hardly knew them by repute before the war and the motor-coach.

Nobody must grudge the invasion of the privacy of these places, or of others such as the bridge at Wickenhall St Germans in Norfolk, or the Watersplash at Kersey in Suffolk, or the twin towers of Wymondham.

Are they little known? As admiring readers of Mr Eberlein's book we can avow that we have seen them all. But we thank him for letting us see them again, and we hope many will join him and us in going to see them again and making them still better known.

## BIRTH OF A WORD

We give elsewhere the results of searches by C.N. readers into the history of words; we note that a new one has apparently been born.

The British Society for the Study of Sex Psychology is changing its name to the British-Sexological Society.

The word is not yet in the dictionary.

## C. L. N.

## Marching On

FIRST THOUSAND OF THE  
SECOND TWENTY

Number of Members—21,046

Better news than ever comes from the C.L.N. this week. In record time another thousand new members have joined us, bringing the figures up to the splendid total of 21,046.

Although there was an extra rush of new members on Armistice Day, when most of the world paused for at least two minutes to remember the war to end war, there was no sudden falling-off in the numbers afterwards, but a steady increase. We look forward confidently to a rapid rise and a coming-in of schools.

Altrincham County High School boys are not content with being merely enthusiastic for the cause of peace. With the help of one or two masters they have produced a splendid two-reel film called *The Glittering Sword*. They have made their own properties and have acted the parts themselves, taking the photographs in their own school studio and in the surrounding country.

## The Story of a Boy King

The film tells the story of a boy king in the Middle Ages who offers a great reward to anyone who can find him a mighty sword with which to conquer the world. A peasant lad sets out to find it. Some of the problems of war and peace and disarmament are made vividly apparent.

As many members of the C.L.N. will be wanting to see this school film made by schoolboys the C.L.N. has arranged special terms on which it can be shown to schools, particulars of which may be obtained on application to the London headquarters.

*Will all members please renew their subscriptions if they are due, posting their sixpences on the anniversary of joining?*

## How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:  
Children's League of Nations,  
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.  
*No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.*

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. members

Kindness Everywhere—Page 7

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

## What Causes Red Rain?

Red dust, caught up by the wind from deserts in North Africa and elsewhere. Red rain occurs in Mediterranean lands and the Cape Verde Islands. It has occasionally been seen in England.

## Are There People Now Living Called Chaldeans?

No. The ancient Aramean tribes inhabiting the marsh lands bordering the Persian Gulf were called Chaldeans by the Assyrians and classical writers.

## Do I Take Nationality from My Father or the Country of My Birth?

A British subject is one born within the King's dominions; one born out of British dominions whose father is British by birth or naturalisation; or one born on a British ship. Foreign countries have different laws for their nationals.

## What is the Meaning of the SS Collar?

The SS collar is a decoration of the letter S repeated and often intermingled with other emblems such as roses, knots, and port-cullises. It was a royal badge of the House of Lancaster in the reign of Henry the Sixth and his successors. Its earliest occurrence is on a 1371 effigy in Stratton Church. It is not known what the S means, but it does not stand for Henry's motto *Soverayne* as sometimes stated. Today the Lord Chief Justice wears an SS collar.

## GEORGE FOX

The Man Extraordinary  
A RIDE AND A TALK WITH  
CROMWELL

George Fox. By Dr Rufus Jones. (Allen and Unwin. 5s)

Those who would spend an evening with one of the most extraordinary men who ever lived may well read this book.

It is a rapidly-moving story of this rugged man of the time of Cromwell, who came before magistrates sixty times in his life and founded the most law-abiding community in the world.

George Fox was, of course, the founder of the Quakers.

## One of the Mystics

Probably few of us would like him today. We should hardly care to dine with him, and we would not greatly like his talk over coffee. A most annoying fellow he would be. Yet he has stamped his character on the life of the world for ever.

He must not be judged by our time. He must not be judged as we judge a scholar. It is his heart and not his mind with which we have to do. He belongs to the mystics; he is in the class with Joan of Arc, and Francis of Assisi, and a host of other people who will be a force in the world when far wiser and more learned men have been forgotten.

We see Fox here in many aspects and in many moods. We like the picture of him riding by Oliver Cromwell from Hyde Park to Whitehall, telling Cromwell what he thought all the way, and so impressing him that Oliver, on returning to his palace, told one of his wife's maids that he had good news for her. George Fox had come to town.

## A Thrilling Picture

We are thrilled by that picture of him setting out for America in a vessel which was so leaky that the press-gang man, out of very pity, spared two men he was taking from the crew. All the way across the Atlantic they were pumping water from the leaky boat; in one day, in two hours, she sucked in 16 inches.

But this man was unafraid. Nothing daunted him. He believed that God was with him everywhere and always, and in that spirit he went forward. Out of his work has grown the great body of Friends all over the world, and all the crusading for the Kingdom of Heaven that has been done in their name. Surely he was, as Carlyle called him, a great prophet, and we must not forget it because he was queer.

He was one of the entirely honest men who have appeared in this world and made themselves famous for all time.

## ARE HENS STUPID?

## Old Speckle is Not

Are hens stupid? The general belief is that they are duller than most animals and birds. At any rate they contrive as often as not to run into danger rather than out of it.

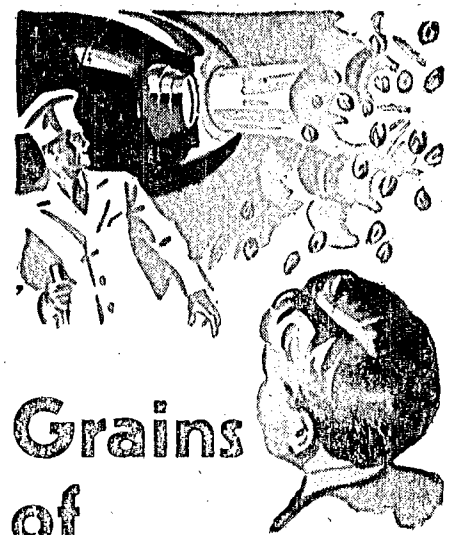
But a Durham reader has an old bantam hen that is distinctly clever. Her name is Speckle.

She chooses to live by herself rather than with other hens, and prefers to retire toward nightfall into a hut apart. But the door is sometimes closed. Then, says our correspondent, she has been known to return to the house, fly to a window-ledge, and peck at the window until she attracts notice, and then lead the way to the closed door.

The fact that she is a favourite and very tame may account for her knowledge of human helpfulness.

Over 80,000 men and women have enrolled for evening classes in London.

The new Sheriff of Bristol, who is a Quaker, has obtained the King's leave to wear Court dress without a sword.



Grains  
of  
wheat and  
rice  
shot  
from guns

How exploding 125 million food cells makes Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice as nourishing as hot cooked cereals.

HAVE you tasted this utterly different kind of cereal... Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice... the crispest, crunchiest cereal on the market to-day?

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are different because they're made differently. Choice full-flavoured grains of wheat or rice are sealed in huge bronze guns, then revolved in fiery ovens. This expands the natural moisture in the millions of tiny food cells. Then the guns are fired, causing 125 million explosions in every grain.

The grains are made as completely digestible as though they had been cooked for hours. Hence Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are virtually as nourishing as hot cooked cereals.

These grains "shot from guns" become 8 times normal size. Never before was rich grain nourishment made so delectably good to eat.

Get mother to fill in the coupon below. All she has to do is to buy a packet of Quaker Puffed Rice and hand this coupon, completed, to your grocer. In exchange he will give her a packet of Puffed Wheat free.

CUT HERE

Take this COUPON to your grocer

This is to certify that my grocer has given me a full-sized packet of both Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice for 8d. — the price of a single packet. I have not used a similar coupon before.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

To the Grocer

On receipt of this coupon with name and address of customer filled in we will send you 8d., the full retail price of packet you gave us per our offer. Dept. 17, Quaker Oats Ltd., 11 Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.

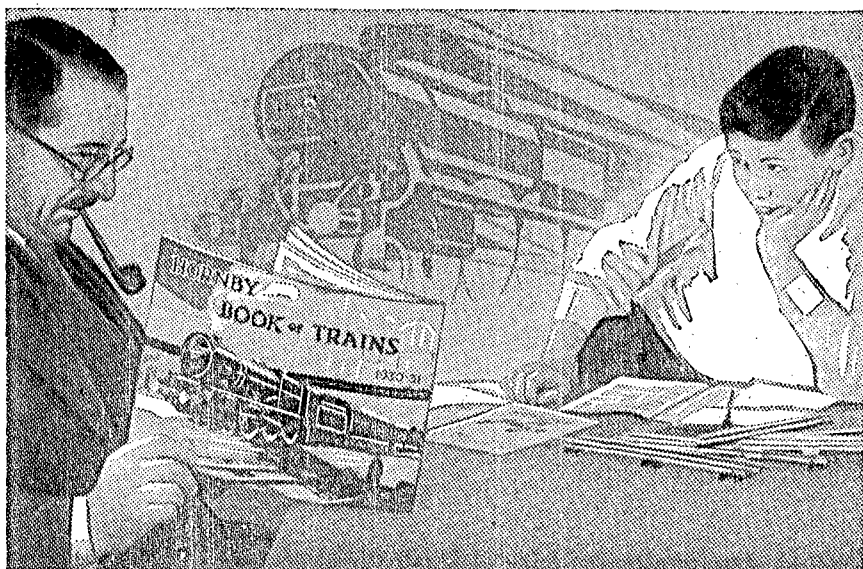


A PACKET  
OF EACH  
FOR THE  
PRICE  
OF ONE!

Guaranteed by  
Quaker Oats Ltd.  
This offer applies  
only to the U.K.  
and the Irish Free  
State. C.N. 6/12/30.

P.4a





## RAILWAY BOARD'S DECISION

### Big Order for New Hornby Trains

Great excitement prevails when Dad decides that his boy's Hornby Railway needs bringing up to date. There are visions of powerful new locomotives, built for heavy loads and long runs; smooth-running Rolling Stock of almost every type seen on the big railways; realistic Accessories that are built in correct proportion—everything a boy could wish for to make his model railway a complete representation of the real thing.

Life never lacks thrills on a Hornby Railway. Dull moments are unknown to the boy who is managing his own line—with Dad filling the important positions of plate-layer, pointsman, signalman and stationmaster all rolled into one!

Hornby clockwork and electric trains are the most efficient model trains in the world. Famous for years as the best that money can buy they are now better, stronger, and more powerful than ever before!

### Prices of Hornby Train Sets

#### CLOCKWORK

Mo Goods Set	5/-
Mo Passenger Set	5/9
Mr Passenger Set	9/3
Mr Goods Set	10/-
M2 Passenger Set	10/9
No. 0 Goods Set	15/-
No. 0 Passenger Set	15/-
No. 1 Goods Set	20/-
No. 1 Tank Goods Set	22/6
No. 1 Passenger Set	25/-
No. 1 Special Goods Set	32/6
No. 1 Special Passenger Set	35/-
No. 2 Mixed Goods Set	40/-
Metropolitan Train Set C	55/-
No. 3C Train Set Riviera "Blue"	62/6
No. 2 Special Pullman Set	67/6
No. 3C Train Sets, "Flying Scotsman," "Royal Scot," "Cornish Riviera" or "Continental Express"	67/6

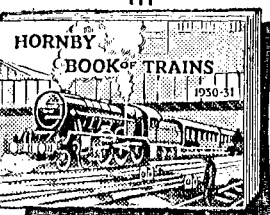
#### ELECTRIC (6 Volt).

No. 3E Train Set, Riviera "Blue"	80/-
No. 3E Train Sets, "Flying Scotsman," "Royal Scot," "Cornish Riviera," or "Continental Express"	85/-
Metropolitan Train Set L.V.	95/-

### THE 1930 HORNBY BOOK OF TRAINS

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# HORNBY TRAINS

BRITISH AND GUARANTEED

MECCANO LIMITED, DEPT. AD, OLD SWAN LIVERPOOL

## THE FIRST AMERICANS £100,000 to Find Them Out

£100,000 is being spent in America in tracing the pedigree of the first English colonists.

That seems an enormous sum for a book, but the work is to fill forty volumes. The task is in the hands of the Anglo-American Records Foundation, a distinguished body of scholars working on both sides of the Atlantic, and, as every English-speaking American believes or hopes he is descended from the Pilgrim Fathers, there is little doubt that the money will be forthcoming.

Records of all sorts are being searched in England by a staff under the direction of Dr Richard Holworthy. As the period to which most attention is being directed, from 1580 to 1600, covers twenty years of the life of Shakespeare, and almost as many in the life of Spenser, we may hope that the search for documents may bring out buried facts relating to these two men. All we know of them fills but a few pages.

Among the documents being reviewed are strange ones showing how, before they left home, the Pilgrim Fathers profited in merchant ventures at sea, how they were affected by piracy, and how the booty resulting from these lawless enterprises was divided. There are tales of the desperate straits to which emigrants were reduced in order to escape the land of their birth.

## SHEARING THE UNBORN LAMB

### 'A House of Commons Story

Agriculture is not a topic which arouses much mirth in the House of Commons, but one speaker in the discussion, the Rev R. M. Kedward, was able to raise a smile.

To illustrate his point that some people failed to make farming pay because they were too ignorant, he told the tale of a wealthy broker who bought a farm as an investment.

Accustomed to watching the prices of stocks in the money market, he turned his attention to the Wool Exchange and saw that there had been a sharp rise in the price of wool. He wired to his farm bailiff to start shearing the sheep at once.

The bewildered bailiff replied that this could not be done as he was in the middle of the lambing season, but the broker, not to be put off with such idle excuses, telegraphed again: "Stop lambing, and start shearing!"

The ignorant fellow is never defeated in an argument.

## ELMS IN DANGER

The botanists in England and Holland are being baffled by a mysterious disease attending the elms.

A fungus, which first appeared in Holland, is running like a fire through our own elms, and, as its existence is not detected until the danger is well advanced, the only hope at present is to limit the spread of the mysterious fungus by destroying every tree affected.

Running after a paper arrow brought about a little boy's death in the roadway the other day.

The Government has raised the allowance for Rufus, the Treasury cat in Whitehall, by a penny a day.

Over half a million people visited the Exhibition of Flemish paintings at Antwerp this year.

Mrs Victor Bruce, who left England on September 24 in her aeroplane, has made the first lone flight from England to Japan.

A carriage used by Florence Nightingale in the Crimea has been given to St Thomas's Hospital.

## WHERE IS ROMAN ENGLAND?

### GREAT BUILDINGS THAT VANISHED

### Why We Dig Underground for the Legacy of the Caesars

### THE SAXON AFRAID

With winter upon us our learned societies have been reporting what they have been doing during the summer for the recovery of our buried history, in the lake villages of Somerset, and among the hidden relics of Roman Britain.

We have thus an interest at home comparable with that of Italy, Egypt, Chaldea, and Knossos. A mystery attends ours, however. Why it is that practically nothing of Rome remains visible in England, where the Romans were lords in possession for about four centuries? Of course we have Hadrian's Wall and the wonders of Bath, but nearly all England, with large parts of Wales and Scotland, was built upon by the Roman legions.

### A Great City Being Unearthed

The promising discoveries at Verulamium this year do not help us to a solution of the problem. A great city is being unearthed at St Albans whose walls were high, of enormous thickness, and two miles round. But, contrary to expectations, it appears that the Roman city was not built upon the British city of Caesar's old foe Cassivelaunus, the Cymbeline of Shakespeare's play. It would seem that the old British town lay north-west of the adjoining site which the Romans chose.

The astonishing thing is that the great Roman walls, with a gateway as big as anything in the Roman Empire, should have disappeared for centuries underground and have to be rediscovered by digging. Why is this so, seeing that in other parts of Europe we still see great Roman buildings and engineering works by which the tide of barbarism rolled for centuries?

Various reasons are given—climate, soil, and the covetousness of Anglo-Saxon despoilers. All these considerations have been weighed by Professor Trevelyan in his splendid History of England, and, after consulting all the evidence, he reaches a surprising conclusion.

### Buildings of Our Forefathers

Our forefathers—pirates, deep-sea fishermen, hunters, and farmers—were not men of cities. They loved woods and open fields, and they built, not with brick or stone, but with timber hewn with their own axes and fashioned into log huts. They used hardly any of their own towns. Even London and York seem to have been deserted. They used none of the Roman buildings.

For hundreds of years England must have been as well strewn with Roman buildings as Stuart England with ruined monasteries; but the Saxons avoided these Roman erections because they were afraid of them, believing them to be peopled with the ghosts of their former inhabitants.

So they did not preserve them, but may even have been set to work to destroy them. That, Professor Trevelyan thinks, may be one of the chief reasons why we see so little of Roman England still above ground.

A company has been formed at Oxford to acquire land for a zoo.

Over £500,000 was deposited in Birmingham's municipal bank last month.

Families with nine children in Yugoslavia are to be free from State taxes.

Lord Crewe has given his home, Crewe Hall, to the Cheshire County Council for their offices.

Italy has decided to reduce the salaries of half a million State workers by 12 per cent.



December 6, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

13

## CARL AKELEY'S WIFE

### Brave Woman Charged by Buffaloes

#### ALONE IN THE REALM OF THE PYGMIES

Mrs Carl Akeley has returned from her fourth expedition to the wildest parts of Africa.

She is, as C.N. readers know, carrying on the work of her husband, the well-known naturalist and explorer, who died in Africa a few years ago. The C.N. has often told of the adventures of this brave pair, and many readers will be glad to know that Mrs Akeley is safely back.

On this last trip she has not had any adventure quite so terrible as that which befell her on that day when the native servants strolled to camp saying "Elephant strike master," but she came very near to her end when she was charged by a herd of red buffaloes.

#### Quick Thinking in Emergency

There was no meat for her servants, and Mrs Akeley went off to hunt. On the edge of the forest she shot a buck, and the noise of the shot brought a herd of buffaloes into the open, charging at her. She raised her rifle, confident of being able to kill the leader, and sure that the others would turn as he fell.

But the rifle refused to fire. Long experience in the wilds has taught Mrs Akeley to think quickly, and she dashed behind a tree while the herd went thundering by.

Had there been no tree she would have been trampled to death.

When the danger was over she investigated the failure of her shot and found that the firm which had equipped her for this expedition to the Congo had sold her ammunition 20 years old!

Besides that peril, Mrs Akeley faced three attacks of fever on her last trip. But she is going back.

#### A Shy Little People

Her last expedition was for the Brooklyn Museum, and her object was to make moving-picture records of the pygmies who live in the Ituri Forest, to take measurements of them, and to learn more of their customs.

On a previous expedition this solitary white woman induced these shy little people to let her live with them for three months, but this time she stayed nearly a year in their forest villages.

She has found that the babies of the pygmies are normal size, but stop growing when they are about four feet high. No one knows why. They must be almost the poorest people in the world, for they have neither clothes, money, nor furniture. Yet in spite of it, or perhaps because of it, they are a merry little people.

#### A TOWN FROM A RUBBISH HEAP

The extraordinary news comes from the United States that near Chicago a body of unemployed men are building themselves a village entirely from waste and rubbish.

They are "annoying the Government" by calling the little town Hooverville, and they have elected a mayor, who lives in a ramshackle shanty.

Those who imagine America to be made up of palatial skyscrapers will wonder where the Chicago unemployed obtain their materials, but the fact is that only a small minority of American buildings are skyscrapers. The greater number of Americans live in small wooden houses.

The outskirts of all big American cities are very untidy, and it is quite common to come across heaps of ruined buildings and abandoned shanties. It is from such waste that the unemployed of Chicago have been able to build their funny little mock town.

## THE GIRL'S BOOK

### A Bunch of Annuals

We wish we could feel that girls were reading more than ever, as is sometimes said, but certainly they never had so many things to read.

Among the excellent annuals specially prepared for girls the Schoolgirl's Own (6s) holds a leading place. It is a volume of fine stories by well-known girl's writers—school and historical stories, adventures at home and abroad, stories of the circus, of Girl Guides, and so on. Then there are plays and music and poems, games and tricks and hints, articles on such subjects as bathing and photography, and many other topics. The whole volume is beautifully illustrated with a profusion of black-and-white pictures, and a number of fine coloured plates.

#### For the Schoolgirl of Today

Another splendid girl's book is the School Friend Annual (6s). Here are stories of all kinds for the modern schoolgirl. Whatever kind of story she may like she will find here. There are also plays and poems and music and articles on such subjects as the auto-graph album, holiday bathing, character, tongue twisters, and so on. The book is fully illustrated in black-and-white and colour, and is most attractive.

The British Girl's Annual (5s) has not only a large number of stirring short stories, but a long school story in eight chapters full of incident and exciting situations. It is the story of a Christmas play, and will interest all girls. In this annual girl interests and activities of all sorts are dealt with. There is a chapter on sports and pastimes on board ship, describing a jolly holiday on the water. Mr H. Mortimer Batten writes on Why he is a Naturalist, and the Nature lover will find another chapter of great interest by Violet M. Methley, giving many valuable hints on keeping fish and reptiles. The book has scores of illustrations, some in colour.

#### A Beautiful Nature Book

The Golden Annual for Girls (4s 6d) is another splendid gift book, with scores of illustrations. It is full of stories of all kinds, many of them school tales.

A wonderful half-crown's worth is the Popular Book of Girl's Stories, which has a large number of tales introducing heroines who have endeared themselves to all girls.

The New Nature Book (6s) is about animals, a beautiful volume profusely illustrated, written by expert naturalists. Here are thrilling animal stories, extraordinary and out-of-the-way information about birds, beasts, and fishes, suitable for girls of all ages.

Rarely has a finer set of annuals for girls been produced than this group. You can order any of them from your newsagent.

## POLAND'S DICTATOR

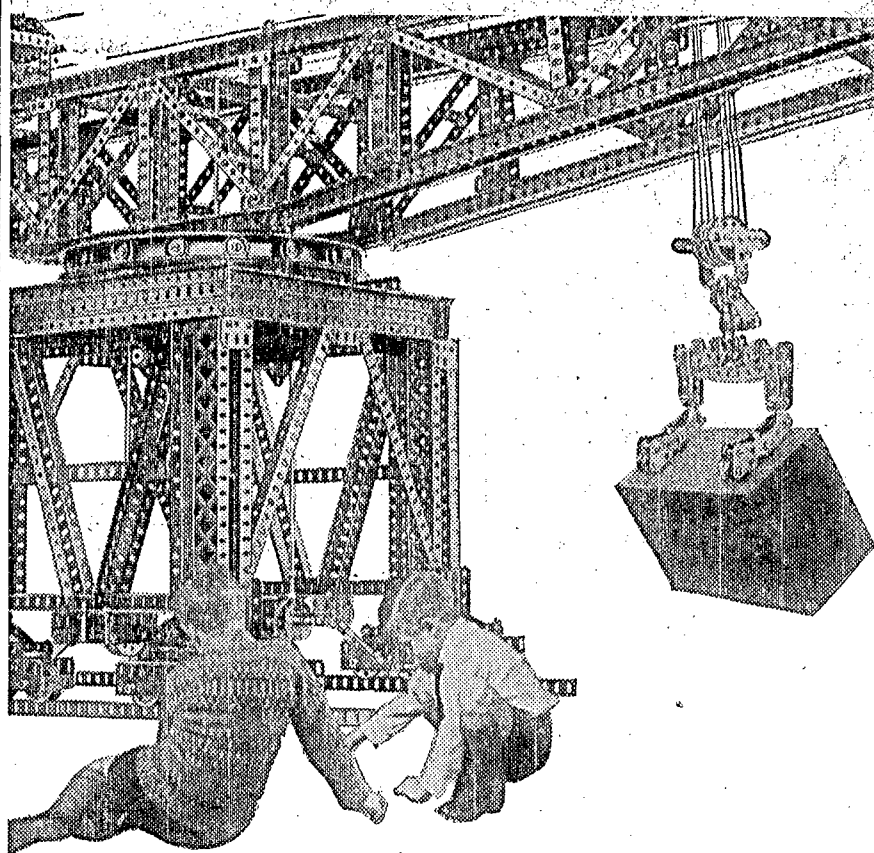
### Through Force to Power

The Dictator of Poland, Marshal Pilsudski, has now a majority of 100 in the Polish Parliament.

Reports from Poland state that the election was conducted by Pilsudski's Government in a manner that should be impossible in a free republic. Intimidation and fraud appear to have been rife and many German citizens were prevented from voting.

When Pilsudski, supported by the army, made his dramatic coup in 1926, he had only six followers in Parliament. He won 130 seats in the Parliament of 1928 with the result that there was a deadlock, and no important Bills could be passed.

The Marshal was determined to have a majority so that he could get things done. It remains to be seen if the new Parliament will be effective in this way.



## THIS IS MECCANO WEEK!

For every boy who wants Meccano—for every boy who has Meccano—this is the greatest week of the year! Dealers everywhere are making special displays of new models in their windows and in their stores. Go and see them to-day! See for yourself the finest hobby in the world for boys, and think of all the thrilling engineering models you could build with Meccano—a different one for every day in the year!

Meccano is real engineering in miniature. All the parts are miniatures of the corresponding parts in engineering practice. They are all standardised and interchangeable and can be used to make hundreds of different working models.

MECCANO PRICE LIST				
No.	000	Outfit		
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"	5	"	(Carton)	70/-
"	6	"	(Cabinet)	100/-
"	6	"	(Carton)	125/-
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FREE TO BOYS—This fine Meccano Book



Write to-day for this thrilling Book! We will send you a copy, post free, in return for the names and addresses of three of your chums.

The book is brimful of illustrations showing the splendid engineering models that can be made with Meccano. All the Meccano Outfits are fully described, and many other interesting details of this wonderful hobby are given.

# MECCANO

MECCANO LTD., DEPT. 27, OLD SWAN, LIVERPOOL





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Those who already possess Lott's Bricks will appreciate one of the new **ACCESSORY SETS** of Gothic Church Windows and Doors, and Lattice Windows, etc., for Tudor Blocks.

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Send a penny stamp to-day for Book, beautifully illustrated in colours, telling you all about LOTT'S BRICKS.

To Dept. C.N.3, Lott's Bricks Ltd., Watford, Herts.

## A LIFE OF THE WEEK The Optimist

On December 12, 1889, died Robert Browning.

Robert Browning, who divided the honours as a poet with Tennyson, was born in London on May 7, 1812.

Like Milton and Pope and Shelley he felt all his life that his true calling was to be a poet. His father sympathised with him, and was sufficiently well off, as an official in the Bank of England, to let him have his own way.

Browning did not have a college education, but he learned much that helped him as a poet, studying languages and reading many books with eager interest. His poems show a very wide range of knowledge of past and present, of literature and life.

Until he married, when he was 34, he lived at home with his parents, a very good son, writing ambitious poems and plays that had very little success. At first he began by imitating poets he admired, particularly Shelley, but soon he developed a style of his own. Earnest readers of poetry recognised in him a true poet though difficult to read, but the general public were not impressed, and were even resentful, of writing which they could not understand.

Among the people who could understand and admire the poet's poems and poetical plays was a Miss Elizabeth Barrett, who herself was a poet. In one of her poems she gave warm praise to Browning's verse. This led to his seeking her acquaintance, and he found her to be an invalid. They became great friends, and presently devoted lovers.

### A Happy Life

But Miss Barrett's father was a grim domestic tyrant, with queer views of his own. One odd determination was that none of his daughters should marry. Browning's parents, too, thought it a mistake for him to marry an invalid. But Browning, who was a great optimist, went his own way, and one day, in September, 1846, he quietly escorted Miss Barrett to a church near her home and they were married. They resided in Italy chiefly, and during nearly fifteen years of a very happy married life Elizabeth Barrett Browning found comparative health and a degree of fame as a poet which during her lifetime exceeded that of her husband.

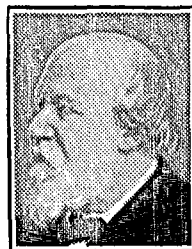
Browning did not write a great deal in those years, but what he wrote brought him a considerable increase of admirers. After Mrs Browning's death he returned to London, so that their son might have an English education; and from that time onward he continued to add steadily to his list of works. Though living in London he travelled frequently abroad, and he died in Venice. He lies in Westminster Abbey.

### His Chief Poem

As a poet Browning stands by himself, imitating no one and having no imitator. His chief poem, *The Ring and the Book*, best illustrates his method. It deals with an Italian murder of which twelve people had knowledge, and it gives the reader the view of each of the twelve. The poet gets inside the mind of each and shows its working.

His insight into character is wonderful. What he says is condensed into the fewest words, and his peculiarities in expression have to be studied before they are well understood. Because of this he will never be really popular, except through a few of his poems that are clear, simple, and melodious.

But Browning is unquestionably a great poet, and his fine character, his unflinching faith in eternal righteousness, and the romantic story of his love will, in union with his keen and powerfully imaginative genius, preserve the memory of him for many centuries.



Robert Browning

## METEORS COMING OUR WAY

Rushing Toward Us at  
40 Miles a Second

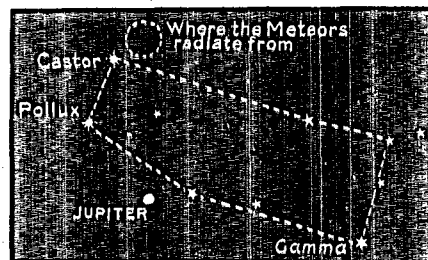
### HOW TO SEE THEM

By the C.N. Astronomer

The absence of the Moon from the evening sky next week should make it possible to see some of the meteors which radiate from the constellation of Gemini and are known as the Geminids.

The position of this constellation may be readily found, for the radiant Jupiter, the brightest object in the south-east sky, is situated within Gemini, as described last week. Our star-map, showing the chief stars of this constellation, also shows the region from which the meteors appear to come. This is a point to the right of the bright star Castor. From about 7 o'clock onward the meteors may be observed, but the later they are looked for the more we shall see, for at midnight we shall be nearer to the point where most of them charge into the atmosphere of our world.

This the Geminids do at a terrific speed, amounting to about 40 miles a second, or 80 times faster than a bullet leaves a gun. Yet we manage to see them, though we cannot see a bullet shot through the air. The reason, of course, is because the meteors are so far away,



The chief stars of Gemini, and Jupiter

and, moreover, they are illuminated by their own combustion induced by the immense rate at which they rush through the Earth's atmosphere. This accounts for the meteors not being seen until they enter it and become ignited.

If a shot were fired some twenty miles away or more, and was illuminated, we should quite easily see it travelling over five miles in about 10 seconds.

The Moon, on the other hand, appears to hang quite still in the heavens, and her motion, as a rule, only becomes apparent if we watch her for half an hour or so. Yet the Moon is actually speeding on her course round the Earth faster than a bullet leaves a rifle, at about 3350 feet a second. This is approximately three-fifths of a mile, or at an average rate of 2287 miles an hour; so the Moon has to travel about a thousand miles before she appears to the eye to have moved appreciably. But the Moon is at an average distance of some 240,000 miles.

### In the Middle of the Night

The meteors are, however, when we see them, only somewhere between 50 and 100 miles away. In the evenings next week they will be nearer, 100 miles away when first observed, while in the middle of the night they will approach to within 50 miles, and occasionally nearer if almost overhead.

It will be during the nights between December 6 and 14 that the Geminids are most likely to be seen; and if we happen to be on the night side of our Earth when she passes through the denser central portion of this meteor stream a fine display may be expected, and as many as 30 to 40 an hour counted, as happened on December 13, 1923.

An exceptional instance was that of December 13, 1925, when an observer saw them flashing across the sky at the rate of about 120 an hour. From this it may be inferred that the nights of December 12, 13, and 14 are most likely to offer the best chance of a fine display.

G. F. M.

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Persia Coronation issue, a handsome set (all guaranteed genuine originals), 8ch, 10oh, 12ch, and 24ch. Set of 4, cat. 3s. 8d. Our price only 1s. 0d.  
1kr, 2kr, 3kr, 5kr, set of 4, with borders in silver, cat. 9s. Our price only 1s. 9d.  
1t, 2t, 3t, 5t. Set of 4, with borders in gold, cat. 50s. A real bargain for 3s. 9d.  
Or the three sets of Persia as above for 6s. 0d.  
**FOR FIFTY YEARS** we have been sending out sheets of stamps on approval. Every stamp we sell is fully guaranteed, specially selected and priced at the lowest possible figure. Ask for some to be sent you for inspection. For 30 days (abroad 90 days) you will present absolutely free, to all applicants enclosing 1d. for postage, a collection of 12 Jugo-Slavia stamps if application is addressed to **Department 80**  
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Send a postcard only—no cash—and ask for No. 212. **EDWARD SANDELL, 10-11, FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.**

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which are missing from nearly every collection and include Austrian Field Post (high values), Cuba 1898, unused (scarce issue), Set of 3 Hungary (unusual values), Paraguay Commemorative Set of 4 (Boy King), Switzerland (1882 unused), Venezuela (1904 high value). To all stamp collectors I will present this collection absolutely free on receipt of 1d. stamp for postage. (Abroad 2d.) Only one gift to each applicant.

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3 lbs. 10/9. Excellent for Gifts, Jumpers, etc. White 3/4 lb. Various shades 3/11 1/2 lb. post free. PURE WOOL SERGES from 2/11 to 25/11 yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Tailoring, Blankets, etc.

Patterns sent with pleasure.

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**BURNETT'S** SOMERSET  
**N.C. DEPT.** ENGLAND.





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This is how "Vapex" conquers colds. Whilst the breathing passages are choked with mucus the respiratory system cannot function properly. If the germs are not dealt with, the real cause of the cold is left unattacked.

"Vapex" succeeds because it deals with both the problems at the same time.

The simple act of breathing the "Vapex" vapour from your handkerchief—

Opens a way through the mucus-laden passages of nose and throat.

Carries a powerfully active germicide right into the breeding places of the germs.

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You can definitely feel the first part of the "Vapex" activity—the stuffiness and congestion are rapidly relieved, the head clears, breathing becomes easier. And all the time the germicidal vapour is fighting the hidden infection which is the real cause of the trouble.

The warm dark moist surfaces of the mucous membrane form an ideal nursery for germs which multiply at a most amazing rate, a single germ being capable of developing into seventeen millions in twelve hours. Hence the importance of dealing with a cold at the first symptoms.

**Always keep "Vapex" in your Home.**

Fly to "Vapex" at the first sign of a cold—the "stuffiness" which means that the germs are multiplying. Clear them out of your system before they become dangerous.

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V67

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Buy a bottle to-day from your Grocer, Store or Chemist, or send 1/- and we will post a bottle and give you name of nearest agent.

NEWBALL & MASON LTD., NOTTINGHAM

**"HELP! HELP!"**

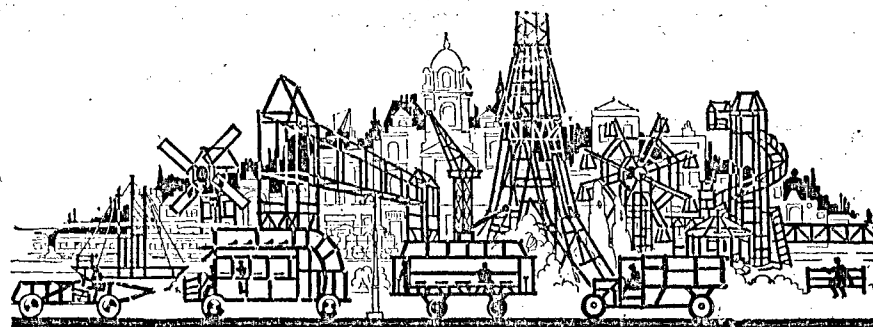
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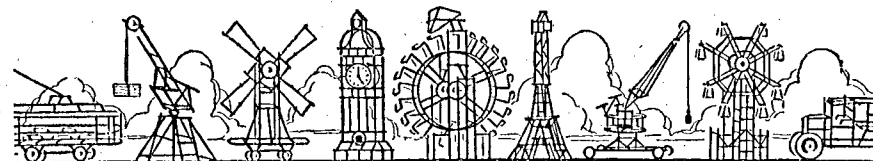
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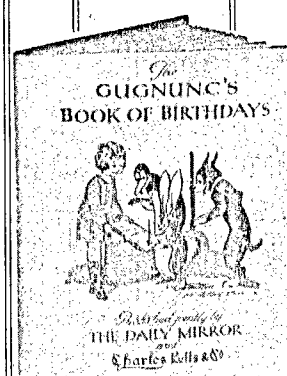
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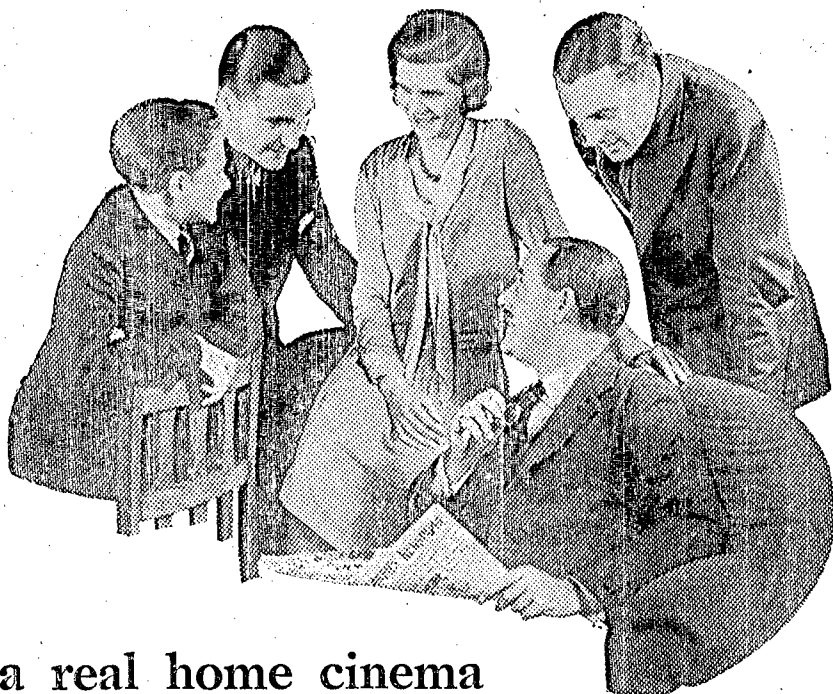
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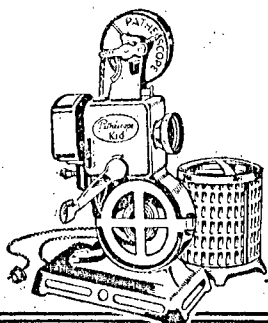
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## THE GREEN DOOR Serial Story by John Halden

### CHAPTER 21

#### In the Taxi

Soon the two were safely in the cab. "Tell me your important news, Felicity," said Tony. He had given the driver the British Museum as his destination, meaning to change it when he had talked over with Felicity the best thing to do.

For answer the girl reached into her pocket, took out a grimy, crumpled note, and handed it to Tony.

"Dear Miss," Tony read, "I don't like the look of things. You and your uncle have always been good to me. I'd never have gone into this if I'd known what was in the air. They'd do for me if they knew, so don't let them know I told you. The night he died old Mr Speers gave me a letter to take to your uncle. Young Speers was paying me, so I didn't deliver it but read it myself instead."

"He's a fine specimen," remarked Tony.

"Read the rest," cried Felicity eagerly.

"It was a letter saying that he felt his end was near, and goodbye to his old friend Mr Cartwright, and that he was glad to know that by his latest will all his money, bar a shilling, went to his friend Josiah Cartwright, and wishing him luck with his Orphanage."

Tony looked up at Felicity excitedly as he reached this point.

"That letter would prove everything!" he cried.

"It shows beyond a possible doubt that the old man never made the will which young Edgar Speers pretends he did."

"Yes!" returned Felicity, her eyes shining. "Go on reading!"

"I admit I thought the old man's letter would be useful to me," continued Tony, reading on; "I could use it to have a hold over young Mr Edgar in case he didn't do the right thing by me. So I hid the letter in a safe place and waited to see how things would turn out. I tell you, Miss, I don't like the way they've treated your poor old uncle and you. From some remarks young Speers let drop I don't think either you or your uncle will live to tell the tale once they've made you sign the papers they've got. A million pounds is a lot of money, and I was to have my share; but I never figured on being let in for murder. I didn't bring the letter with me, but I thought I ought to tell you. I hear someone coming and must close. Hoping you will be willing to forgive me for what I did, like the sweet young lady you have always been, I remain, respectfully yours, John Larkin."

"Well, the double-dyed idiot!" cried Tony with exasperation, as he looked up from the scrawl in his hands. "All this long letter and not a single word to tell you where that last letter is hidden!"

"Yes, isn't it maddening!" cried Felicity. "I've thought and thought, but it's impossible to decide where the letter is. The most probable thing is that he left it in some hiding-place in old Mr Speers's house, don't you think so?"

Tony glanced through the scrawled note once more.

"You are probably right," he returned. "He says he didn't bring the letter with him. That rather points to a hiding-place in the last spot he was in before he came here. That means Byewell House. We ought to go down there and look for it!"

"I'll go with you at once," said Felicity. "I know the house fairly well. We'll search everywhere."

"I say, this is a marvellous piece of luck!" cried Tony enthusiastically. "We've got the cup and if we can get the letter we'll have Edgar Speers and Co in a cleft stick. They'll have no choice but to retire."

"Let's take the next train," said Felicity. "Poor darling Uncle! We'll be able to rescue him very soon, I hope."

Tony's face changed. The time had come when he could no longer put off disillusioning Felicity about this so-called uncle of hers. He hated doing it, but it had to be done.

"Felicity," he said reluctantly, "I will stand by you in this as far as you'll let me, but I must tell you that you are mistaken about your uncle. He is hand in glove with this Speers lot. He deliberately tried to drown me last night. In fact, he has been in it all along."

"Whatever are you talking about, Tony?" cried Felicity, her eyes widening. "How could he try to drown you when he has been bound and gagged in a cupboard all the time, poor dear!"

"Perhaps that is what they made you think, but no! (Tony started as a memory came to him.) Do you remember when they took me in to see you the first time and you told me to leave the affair alone?"

"Yes," answered Felicity. "I asked you not to bother about us any more because I realised how dangerous things were for you, and I felt I couldn't allow you to put your life in danger for our sake."

"But, listen to me, Felicity," said Tony earnestly. "Your uncle had been talking to you then. I saw him leave the room just as I came in. He certainly wasn't bound and gagged then."

Felicity stared at Tony for a moment, and then light broke in on her.

"Oh, of course!" she cried. "How stupid of me! You couldn't have known, and we've had so little time for explanations. That man was Edgar Speers. He had been bullying me and telling me the dreadful things that would happen to you unless I persuaded you to drop out of the affair."

"But, Felicity, I saw him quite plainly from the back. He certainly had your uncle's bald head. Surely there can't be two bald heads like that in the world! It would be too much of a coincidence."

"It's not a coincidence at all," returned the girl, "but a very deliberate impersonation. Edgar Speers has been an actor, among other things, less honourable, and he has learned to impersonate people. His idea was, when my uncle had been made helpless, to appear to me as Uncle Josiah and make me agree to his plans. It was very silly of him, for I saw through him at once. He certainly looked like Uncle Josiah, especially in a dim light, but his voice was quite different."

"But the bald head!" cried Tony.

"Papier mâché!" returned Felicity.

"Made by a very famous theatrical wig-maker. They do wonderful things of that sort, you know. I had a good look at it, and it fits perfectly; one could hardly guess that under it is a quite good head of black hair. And you know, darling Uncle's bald head is a bit queer-looking—quite as queer-looking sometimes as the fake. It was an easy thing to copy."

"Well, I'm bothered!" gasped Tony. "I remember now that when Leeson had finished with me, Speers (or, as I thought, your uncle) bent his head down to see if I were still alive, and I thought there was something wrong. Hasn't your uncle a large brown mole on his left ear?"

"Yes," said Felicity. "I noticed that too. Speers forgot to put on the mole, or perhaps it fell off. Anyway, although I knew my uncle's voice too well to be taken in by a mere visual disguise, Speers kept it on, probably thinking that it might take in other people."

"It took me in," said Tony ruefully, "and I apologise to your uncle for doubting him. Do you know where they have put him?" he added after a pause.

"There is a room in that house in Dead Cat Alley seemingly without a door, and with no windows, just some almost invisible gratings to let in a little air. The smugglers must have used it to hide their goods, for unless you studied the space in the house you'd never guess a room was there. It has a sliding steel door made to look like the wall. Uncle is in that horrible room!" Felicity shuddered. "They're starving him and bullying him, but they will never break his spirit."

"Ah!" cried Tony, remembering something. "Where exactly is that room?"

"Just off the room with the trap-door."

"So that's what I heard when I was in the cupboard! I first saw Speers through the keyhole—and took him for your uncle. I was horrified to see him on such good terms with the others, and puzzled my head about that instead of considering what the shouting and pounding on the wall of the other room meant."

"That would have been poor Uncle trying to get out. He soon realised it was no use. He says he would rather die than see his orphans' money go to such ruffians."

"They let you see him, then?"

"Oh yes," returned Felicity. "It is part of their plan to let us meet. You see, they are not ill-treating me, but they ill-treat my Uncle in the hope of getting at us both that way. I confess that when I've seen him there, weak and exhausted, I've done my best to persuade him to give up the money."

"They'd be counting on your help that way, the cads!" said Tony, clenching his fists.

"But Uncle has a streak of obstinacy in him whenever a principle is involved," continued Felicity. "He'll fight to the end before he will let them do this wicked thing."

"Good for him!" cried Tony heartily. "We must leave him to fight alone for a little while till we have found that letter. Then, armed with that and the cup, our case is proved, and we can ask for police."

Continued on the next page



protection while we rescue your uncle. I'll tell our driver to take us straight to the railway station."

Unaccountably Felicity shivered. "I don't know why," she said, glancing apprehensively over her shoulder, "but I feel that something unpleasant is going to happen. It isn't like that crowd to let us get away like this."

#### CHAPTER 22 Felicity Vanishes

TONY laughed at her. "Don't be imaginative, old thing," he said easily. "We seem to have given them the slip."

"If anything—anything at all—happens to me, Tony," said the girl earnestly, "promise me you will not stop to help, but go straight on to Byewell House and find that letter."

"I promise," said Tony, leaning out to speak to the driver of the cab. "But cheer up! I should say we are in easy street compared with situations we have known."

"That driver is a wonder," he added, bringing his head back into the cab. "I asked him if he happened to know when a train goes to Byewell. He asked me the nearest large town, and then told me there is a train in twenty minutes. The man is a regular Bradshaw!"

"Did he think he would be able to get us there in time to catch that train?" asked Felicity eagerly.

"He says he can, with luck," returned Tony, "and our luck seems to be in."

"Don't boast," cried Felicity, shivering. "It is strange how vividly I feel that something is just getting ready to pounce, that we are the mice, and the cat is watching us."

"I'll admit I had the same idea when we first left the house in Dead Cat Alley," said Tony seriously; "but we seem to have got away better than we could have expected. Here we are in Holborn. Street's up, I notice. Hope it doesn't delay us."

"You don't think that letter of Larkin's could have been a trap, do you, Tony?" suggested Felicity doubtfully.

"It may be," returned Tony, pondering. "But, you know, Felicity, it is all we have to go on, and I think we'll have to chance it. Now I know your uncle is all right—I mean,

Continued in the last column.

## JACKO GETS UP EARLY

JACKO said that his big brother Adolphus was getting a bit queer in the head. He had such strange fads.

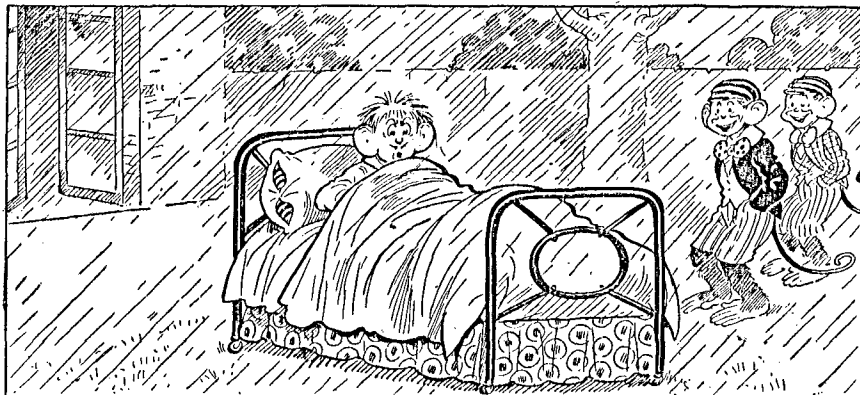
The latest fad was for fresh air. He used to thump his chest and draw in deep breaths and say: "Oxygen! More oxygen! That's what I want!"

One day his mother found him carry-

ing and it was Adolphus's idea, when the weather permitted, to throw them open so that he would really be sleeping in the open air.

"He's cracked!" said Jacko, when he related the story to his friend Chimp. Chimp agreed.

"It would serve him right," said



He was in the middle of the lawn

ing his bed downstairs. "Whatever are you doing with that?" she asked.

"I'm taking it to Dad's old toolshed," replied Adolphus. "I'm going to sleep there in the future. No more stuffy bedrooms for me. I want air."

"You'll get more than you want," said Mother Jacko, "if you aren't careful. It's hardly the time of year to sleep out of doors."

Adolphus waved his hand airily and went on. He dragged his bedstead across the lawn and dumped it with great satisfaction in the shed.

It was a very superior shed. Father Jacko had put it up himself and was very proud of it. It had long glass doors which came down to the ground,

Jacko, "if it poured all night, and the beggar got a jolly good soaking."

But it didn't. It was a lovely night. Adolphus bragged about his new idea till Jacko could bear it no longer. He consulted Chimp and they agreed on a plan.

A few mornings after Adolphus woke up, soon after it was light, to find the rain beating on his face.

He started up and clutched the bedclothes. They were dripping.

"Where on earth am I?" he cried.

He was in the middle of the lawn, and it was pouring with rain.

While he was pleasantly dreaming the little wretches had pushed his bed out of the shed and left it standing like an island on the soaking grass!

not one of the gang, as I'm ashamed to say I thought he was for a while—it makes me see red to think of Edgar Speers doing him out of his fortune. Once we get that letter the gang won't have a leg to stand on, considering that we've got the cup already."

"You haven't told me yet where you have hidden the cup," said Felicity.

"I've been thinking about that," returned Tony, "and if you don't mind, Felicity, I think I'll keep its hiding-place to myself until the time comes for you to take it back to its rightful owner. You see, if Edgar Speers were to capture you again you would be able to tell him with perfect truth that you haven't an idea where the cup is. That would make him concentrate his activities on me—which would be all to the good. You and your uncle have suffered enough already."

Felicity smiled. "I agree that a secret is always safer with one than with two," she said; "but why aren't we moving?"

The taxicab had been for some moments at a standstill.

All about them was the roar and clatter of electric drills. Tony leaned out of the window to see what had happened. Half the street had been torn up and a long line of vehicles before and behind them was jammed in the narrow passage.

Tony leaned out.

"Can't you get out of this some way, driver?" he asked anxiously. "It looks as if we were going to miss that train."

"Sorry, sir," shouted the driver in reply. "It's a nasty jam just here. I'll get through if I can."

The man broke off with an angry exclamation, for a taxicab which had apparently been drawn up against them on the other side here took the opportunity of a slight break in the traffic to slip past them.

"I am a thick head, and no mistake," muttered the driver. "I might have done that myself."

"Oh, well," said Tony, with more disappointment than he cared to show, "I know you'll do the best you can."

Tony had thrust the entire upper part of his body out of the window. He now wriggled his way back into the cab, and turned to report the prospects to Felicity.

To his astonishment and horror the cab was empty! Felicity had vanished.

TO BE CONTINUED

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If your outfitter does not stock, send direct to the Sole Manufacturers, mentioning size of waist and colour preferred, - 3d. extra, and enclosing cheque or P.O. to cover instructions.

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There are over 8,000 boys and girls in Dr. Barnardo's Homes and they are all eagerly looking forward to Christmas!

A GIFT OF 10/- WILL PROVIDE CHRISTMAS HAPPINESS FOR ONE CHILD.

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Please save little  
children from  
cruelty and neglect.  
Send a Christmas  
gift now to

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Write for full particulars to Director, Wm. J. Elliott,  
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### A LETTER TO YOU!

from two Stepney Slum Children.

Dear Reader,

Father's out of work. Mother's ill, and  
we don't expect Santa Claus this year! No hopes of a  
Christmas Dinner or Toys for us, unless some kind  
Friend comes to our help. Please don't let us go  
hungry! If you send a Gift to the John Pounds  
Mission, on our behalf, they will see that we get it all  
right!

Thanking you in anticipation,  
Yours hopefully,  
Bill and Lizzie.

P.S. Hope you have a happy Xmas!

R.S.V.P. to Supt., John Pounds Mission,  
24, Wellesley Street, Stepney, E.1.

### The Lord Loveth

CHRISTMAS rings its Carol in all our  
hearts. An electric current runs  
through them to light the fires of kind-  
ness and goodwill.

It is not the home fires only that are  
set burning. As we warm our hands  
at them there is a feeling that there  
are others outside who ought to share  
the glow. We should still feel chilly,  
however gay and comfortable the fes-  
tive hearth, if we knew that there were  
others outside in the cold.

#### Our Abundant Opportunities

That is why it is easy to give at  
Christmas Time. The Lord loveth a  
cheerful giver.

There are abundant opportunities  
around us of satisfying ourselves that  
generosity blesses him that gives as  
well as him that takes. Have you ever  
been in a Children's Home or a  
Children's Hospital at Christmas Time?  
Have you seen the faces, so many of  
them worn or thin, light up with the  
joy of the doll, the book, the toy  
engine, or the very smallest thing that  
has come from the Christmas Tree?  
There are some gloomy souls in the  
world who would give anything for an  
hour's unsullied happiness. *How easily  
and cheaply we can buy it for a child!*

#### The Children's Festival

Christmas has been the Children's  
Festival ever since any of us can re-  
member. It was once our own, and  
was filled with hours that fled all too  
quickly. There was the hour when the  
presents, arriving mysteriously over-  
night, were examined at the first peep  
of dawn. There was the family Christ-  
mas Dinner at which we were allowed  
for once in a way to sit up at table.  
There was perhaps the Christmas Tree,  
with lighted candles and more presents,  
though these of not such a dazzling kind.  
Best of all there was the promise that  
this was only a beginning. Tomorrow  
would be Boxing Day. Could it pos-  
sibly be true that we were going to the  
Pantomime?

Happy days! Put beside them the  
Christmas days of those who are in  
sorrow, need, suffering, or any other  
adversity. There are many, and many

YOU  
LOVE  
ANIMALS?

**"Tell-tale-tit, don't do it,  
All other little boys and girls won't care for you a bit."**

Don't you think this is a very pretty little nursery rhyme—wouldn't you like to hear  
some more of them? We shall be only too pleased to send you one of our pass-on  
leaflets of nursery rhymes by Geraldine Lyster if you will just send us a postcard.

At the same time, we shall be pleased to send you some  
very interesting details regarding Animals' Welfare  
Week. You probably want to know what this is all  
about! What is the week for? What do we do? You  
will find all these questions answered and your curiosity

satisfied in the literature we send you, and we sincerely  
hope that if you are a lover of animals you will take this  
opportunity of knowing more about what is being done, and  
what can be done for their health and comfort.

Address your postcard to:

NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR ANIMALS' WELFARE, 36, GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1.



# APPEAL SUPPLEMENT



## A Cheerful Giver

What we cannot help. But which of us could not, if we could, do something to comfort and relieve them according to their various necessities? The Children's Hospital Ward is only one of many places to which we should stretch out our hand. We have seen it often at Christmas, with its holly berries and mistletoe, the chains of yellow and pink paper, the mottoes with lint letters on the walls, the red coverlets on the cots, and the playboards on the coverlets. So gay, so bright it seems, that one can hardly remember how ill some of the little sufferers are. For one day even they have forgotten it.

### Hope in Darkest Slumland

Remember that your gift, so easily given, can paint the hospital ward for one day in glowing colours. It can do as much or more in the Homes wherever orphan or destitute children are gathered together under the shelter of the robe of Charity. It can light up Darkest Slumland with a ray of hope, giving garments to the ragged, a crutch to the crippled child, a good meal to the hungry, boots to those whose toes are coming through.

It is for these and others like them that this week we ask your help to bring some semblance of a Happy Christmas into their lives. But these are not alone in needing the touch of the helping hand. There are those whose affliction is so sad and incurable that they are isolated among men. A generous thought may whisper to them at this time that they are not utterly alone.

### Our Dumb Friends

There are others less lonely than these poor people, who yet must carry on their Christmas work while their neighbours are rejoicing. Let us send them rays of kindness, even as the lighthouses keep their beams flashing over the dark ocean for all mariners to see. And, as a final benediction, let us not lose sight at Christmas of our faithful dumb friends. The Spirit of Christmas is that of one who loves all things, both great and small, for their own sake and the sake of Him Who made them all.

ARTHUR MEE

## Will You Light a Candle?

### YOUR GIFT OF FIVE GUINEAS

WILL LIGHT A CANDLE IN A DARK PLACE BY SECURING THE IMMEDIATE AD-MISSION OF ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.

'All ye who Christians be,  
Oh, light my tiny candle here for me.  
It has gone out; I am not very old,  
And as I travelled in the cold  
A bitter wind with all his might  
Blew, and put out my little light.

'All ye who Christians be,  
Will ye not list to me,  
Who have so often prayed  
I might not be afraid?  
I am a little frightened—can't you see?  
Oh, light my little candle here for me.'

Edna Norman (By permission).

The bitter winds of adversity have  
left many children in the darkness  
and the cold. During the year 725  
such little ones have been received  
in the Children's Home. And there  
is still a **WAITING LIST** for  
whom we mean to find a home before  
Christmas.

30 BRANCHES.

4,000 CHILDREN.

### NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME & ORPHANAGE

(Founded by Dr Stephenson)

Chief Offices: HIGHBURY PARK, LONDON, N.5

Remittances may be forwarded through any branch of the Midland Bank, Limited.



### MY CHRISTMAS CANDLE.

Please Light a Candle for me by taking a child from the Waiting List into the Children's Home.

I enclose Five Guineas, and should be glad to have some particulars of the child received.

Name.....

Address.....

Principal: Rev. W. HODSON SMITH.  
General Treasurers:  
The Rt. Hon. Lord Wakefield of Hythe,  
C.B.E., L.D.  
Sir Thomas Barlow, Bt., M.D., F.R.S.  
C.N.



MANY THOUSANDS OF POOR  
AND CRIPPLED CHILDREN IN  
LONDON SLUMLAND

look upon the

**SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY  
& RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 1844**

as their

**"FATHER CHRISTMAS."**

Let it be so!

**PLEASE SEND A GENEROUS GIFT**

For GARMENTS, BOOTS, TOYS, FOOD,  
SURGICAL APPLIANCES, etc.

Treasurers: SIR EDWIN DODD and WALTER SCOLDS, Esq.  
Cheques, Postal Orders and Goods should be addressed to ARTHUR  
BLACK, General Secretary: JOHN KIRK HOUSE, 32, JOHN  
STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

## Christmas Down East!

Please help **Santa Claus** to fill the empty stockings of 2,500 VERY POOR CHILDREN. They are wistfully expectant. Increase your own Christmas joy by making others joyous also. Spare a toy, a garment, or a gift of money. Gifts gratefully acknowledged by

The Rev. R. Rowntree Clifford,  
WEST HAM CENTRAL MISSION  
409, Barking Road, London, E.13.

## Cheer for the Lepers

With eager anticipation 11,000 lepers and children in our own and aided Homes, in many different lands, are now looking forward to the Christmas Season.

The Christian lepers enter with great joy into the spirit of the festival and we endeavour to bring as much cheer as possible into the lives of all the inmates.

New clothing, blankets and other necessities are usually distributed at this season. But the provision of such things for the large and growing numbers in our Homes means a considerable outlay of money over and above the funds required for their ordinary daily maintenance.

Special gifts of any amount will be welcomed to enable us to make provision for the lepers' simple needs and to bring them comfort and cheer.

## THE MISSION TO LEPERS

7, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1.

## CHRISTMAS IN A LIGHTHOUSE

Below there was a sea raging.

The sound of the gale was almost deafening. Inside the lighthouse a group of three men were seen sitting round a stove—all were reading and smoking and appeared happy. One of them spoke: "Here, look at this, Bill; that's a good 'un," and showed the others a large coloured plate in the B.O.P. "Listen to this joke," said the man addressed as "Bill," and read out one of the jokes from the B.O.P. he was reading, causing a hearty laugh.

There are very many other lighthouses and lightships where the men enjoy the literature which the Religious Tract Society sends them.

## IN A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

The Matron entered, carrying a large parcel. Shouts of joy arose from the children as they clustered round her. "A Christmas Parcel from the Religious Tract Society," cried the Matron; "who wants picture books?" Eager little hands stretched out, and a goodly pile of books and magazines melted like snow in the late spring.

In another hospital ward a Sister was distributing papers and magazines to the patients, most of whom were in bed, but the murmured "Thank you, Sister," were distinctly heard as she passed up the ward.

This reading matter also was sent with the good wishes of the RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

From an article in "THE SUNDAY AT HOME."

Will all who read this send us a donation, however small, to help us to send our usual 400 welcome parcels of books and magazines to the Hospitals, Lighthouses, and Lightships?

## THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,

4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR ANIMALS

A Donation to the

**R · S · P · C · A**

The Guardians of the Nation's Animals

Donations should be sent to The Chief Secretary, 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 6, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s)

## THE BRAN TUB

### A Motor-Car Trip

THE driver of a small car finds that he can do 45 miles on a gallon of petrol. A motor-coach uses up a gallon every six miles.

If the small car uses six gallons on the trip from London to Newcastle how much more would the motor-coach use? *Answer next week*

### Short Commons

WHEN food is scarce we use the expression "to be put on short commons." This term no doubt originated at the universities, where the undergraduates dined in common, that is, all together, in what was usually known as the common room. The food was more often than not referred to as "commons."

### Let On Parle Français



Le cimetière Le forçat Le coin

On enterre les morts au cimetière. Ce forçat sera libéré aujourd'hui. Il y a la borne au coin de la rue.

### The Moon

THE diameter of the Moon is just over 2000 miles.

Its average distance from the Earth is 238,800 miles.

Its density is only three-fifths that of the Earth.

We always see the same face of the Moon because it rotates on its axis in the same time that it revolves round the Earth.

The temperature varies between 212 degrees Fahrenheit in the sunshine and minus 328 degrees in the dark.

The Moon has little or no atmosphere.

The highest mountain on the Moon is about 24,000 feet.

### A Horticultural Shuffle

THE groups of letters below contain the names of three flowers, each of nine letters. Three letters from each are included in each of the groups, and these letters have been taken as they stand and then rearranged.

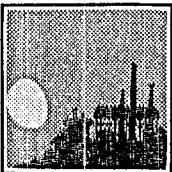
For example, supposing one of the words to be CARNATION, the letters CAR, NAT, and ION would appear together but not in that sequence.

LED AUL MAC  
USS AND RAN  
NAP SIC NIO

*Answer next week*

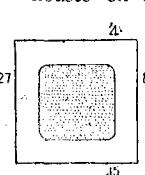
### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Venus is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter and Mars are in the East, and Uranus is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Tuesday, December 9.



### The Square

A SQUARE has the same number of houses on each side of it.



Number 4 is exactly opposite Number 15, and Number 8 is exactly opposite Number 27.

Number 1 is not necessarily at a corner of the square. What house is opposite Number 19? *Answer next week*

### Why Some Hollies Have No Berries

THIS is a wonderful year for holly and all over the country there are plenty of trees thickly covered with bright red berries.

Many people must have noticed that even in the best holly season there are some trees on which we cannot find a single berry. If we watched these trees from year to year we should find that they

never bear fruit. There is an interesting reason for this. In the typical holly the whitish flowers are quite perfect, with both stamens and pistil. Now and again, for no known cause, trees occur which bear abnormal flowers. In these, although the stamens are present, the pistil is not there or is only present in a very undeveloped state. It is impossible for holly trees with blossoms of this description to bear berries.

### Where It Comes From

Emery. The sharp grains which coat emery paper and which are used for polishing are a form of mineral corundum, which is an oxide of aluminium. Deposits are found in several parts of the world, but the most important workings are in Asia Minor, Saxony, and the Greek Islands.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

#### Boys and Girls

Boy £1 12s. Girl 18s 8d.

What Is It? Matterhorn.

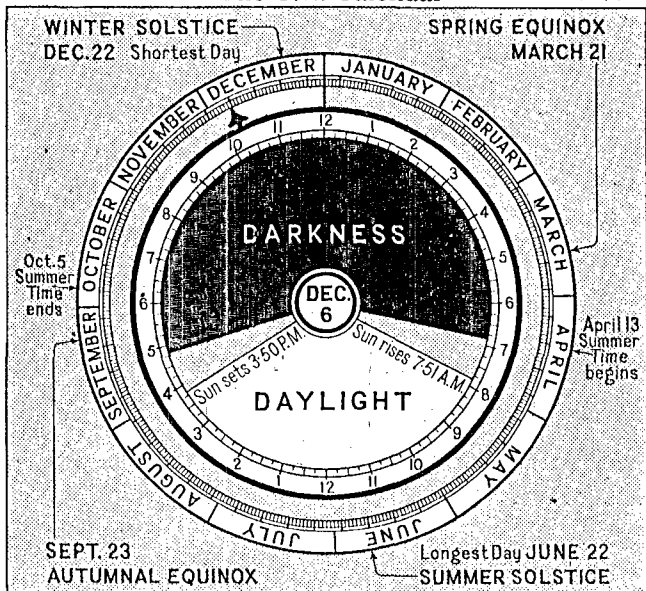
#### Jumbled Syllables

Newton, Wesley, Handel, Socrates, Napoleon, Lincoln, Dickens, Magellan, Alexander, Leonardo.

#### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

DOWN  
1. TONAL  
2. EC  
3. ROE  
4. SALT  
5. E  
6. T  
7. SUPPOSE  
ACROSS  
1. GOGGED  
2. EMU  
3. SUCCES  
4. SERRA  
5. T  
6. EMBER  
7. IRREPARABLE  
8. PEAK  
9. SEETHED

### The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on December 6. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

## DR. MERRYMAN

### A Motorist

HOUSEKEEPING was quite a new experience for the young bride.

The greengrocer had called for orders, and after mentioning a number of things he asked, "And shall I send some horse-radish?"

"Oh, no, thank you," was the quiet reply. "You see, we keep a car."

### A Zooriality



### The Fountainpenguin

THIS creature of the icy South On urgent errands trots, And as he waddles o'er the snow He leaves a trail of blots.

### Blank

HE thought he could write poetry, and so he tried his latest effort on an editor friend.

"I've put my whole mind into this poem," he said, as he handed over the manuscript.

The editor looked at it. "Ah! as I thought," said he. "Blank verse."

### Very Annoying

BLACK: I suppose the Chief was annoyed when you reminded him that I leave next week?

Green: Yes, very much. He said he thought it was this week.

### A Long Year

THE much-travelled man was talking, and when he paused to take breath one of his listeners seized the opportunity and spoke. "You say that in your particularly favourite South Sea isle you have each year 365 days of sunshine?" he asked.

"I do, sir," was the traveller's reply. "And I might add that that is a very conservative estimate."

### Father's Homework

TEACHER: Who did these sums in your homework for you?

Boy: Father, sir.

Teacher: Did he do them altogether?

Boy: Well, I helped him, sir.

## FIVE-MINUTE STORY

JIM ALINGTON was staying in Scotland with his uncle, who kept the inn at a place called Rollie Ferry.

Rollie is at the beginning of a long chain of lakes, and there is a ferry across an open bit of water about half a mile across. Motorists wishing to go north are obliged to cross this way, and Jim's uncle had had a strong wooden vessel constructed to take one car.

Jim delighted in hanging about the little quay. Often there was a car to go across, and he loved to help Mackintosh, the boatman, to swing round the platform of the wooden boat to receive it. He liked to cross over the smooth water, helping in all sorts of ways, while the brave little motor-engine thudded and the

occupants of the car exclaimed how lovely it was, looking at the high woods on the mountain sides, where the wild birds lurked and grouse might rise in the air.

It was Jim's ambition to ferry the boat across alone. He told his uncle so, but Mr Ross only said, "I wonder if you are capable, Jim?"

One morning, just before Mackintosh's dinner-hour, he got a wasp sting on his bare chest. It swelled up rather alarmingly and he said to the boy beside him, "It's ten minutes to twelve. I'll off home to the wife and she'll see to me, and I'll be back at ten minutes to one."

Off went poor Mackintosh, and Jim sat himself down on the low stone wall, and his

heart beat high, and he thought to himself, "Surely somebody will drive up." His chance might come.

Suddenly he saw a Daimler, its long beautiful body slipping noiselessly down the hill.

"We want to get across at once," shouted the driver. Beside him sat a lady whose face was very anxious.

"I'm afraid you can't just yet, sir," said Jim. "The ferryman has his dinner now. The ferry closes down for an hour at midday."

"But we must get to our boy," cried the lady. "We've had a telegram to say he has had an accident."

"Of course we must get across," said the man at the wheel. He had a scholarly face and a decided mouth.

## JIM WORKS THE FERRY

"I'm afraid," began Jim.

"It's a case of life or death!" insisted the man.

"I'll run up and see what my uncle can do, then," said Jim, dashing away to the inn.

But Mr Ross had gone fishing.

"I'll take you myself," offered Jim.

"Oh, thank you!"

And Jim got that car on board and managed the boat and landed them safely.

"Oh, splendid!" said the lady, and her voice was full of relief. "Why were you so kind, boy?"

"I wanted to see if I could manage the boat—for one thing," said Jim truthfully. "But I'm glad I could help, and I hope your son will soon be well."

## NOW... SHE IS HAPPY!



"Before we began giving Patricia her regular system cleansing with 'California Syrup of Figs,' she would get cross, fretful, and sick often," says her mother. "Now she is always so happy, rosy-cheeked, full of energy that I never have a moment's anxiety about her."

Whenever a child shows by coated tongue, headaches, feverishness, lack of energy and appetite, that the system needs help, do not hesitate. Just give a little "California Syrup of Figs."

It is better still to avoid all chance of upsets and keep your child in fine condition by regular weekly system cleansing with this pure vegetable product, loved by children; endorsed by doctors; proved safe, gentle and effective by millions of mothers. Your chemist will recommend it. 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle. Emphasize the word "California" when buying and no mistake will be made.

**"CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"**  
IDEAL LAXATIVE FOR CHILDREN



## In Convalescence

When the digestive powers are weak or impaired the 'Allenburys' Diet is pre-eminently suitable as a basis of feeding. It replaces with advantage milk and milk dishes commonly employed in sickness and convalescence. Made from selected whole wheat and fresh creamy milk with added Vitamin D, it is just what you require.



EASY TO MAKE PLEASANT TO TAKE

In tins at 2/1, 4/- and 7/6 of all Chemists

Send 3d. in stamps for 1 lb. trial sample tin of the 'Allenburys' Diet

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